The Tranquilizer War *John Pekkanen*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

from Washington ®
July 19, 1975

The Ayn Rand Factor

I keep running across bits and pieces of Ayn Rand in Mr. Ford's speeches. She's the female guru of a cult called "rational selfishness" or "objectivism," whose most famous chela is Alan Greenspan, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

Amidst roars of applause Mr. Ford told a convention of small businessmen here that he wanted to get "government off your back," that Washington is becoming "an instrument of philanthropic collectivism"—the "big daddy of all citizens" and that "over a period of 90 years we have erected a massive federal regulatory structure." It sounded familiar. Yes here was chairman Greenspan's comment, written in 1966, when Miss Rand declared, "Alan is my disciple philosophically":

"Regulation—which is based on force and fear—undermines the moral basis of business dealings." (He was attacking the Securities and Exchange Commission and other agencies.)

I have taken to spotting the Ayn Rand factor in other presidential comments. Out in Cincinnati the other day he came back to that 90-year bit: "Over a period of 90 years," he told an audience, "we have gradually erected a massive federal regulatory structure. . . ."

Ninety years? That was back in the blessed reign of Chester A. Arthur when an unregulated America had Jay Gould and Jim Fisk and Cornelius Vanderbilt and other bandits, and trade unions were outlawed, and there was no nonsense about child labor laws or pure food and drug acts.

Like an old tune or attar of remembered perfume there was a whiff of Ayn Rand in the Ford speech July 3 at Cleveland too, where he got back a full century: "A century ago in 1876 . . . Rutherford B. Hayes was the Republican candidate for President of the United States." Mr. Ford paused and feelingly recalled that Hayes said in his inaugural address, "He serves his party best who serves the country best." Fine sentiments! And with this impetus he went on to practically repeal Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal.

"With the Depression of the 1930s began the policy of creating a new layer of federal bureaucracy for every problem in America," he complained, "and then spending millions—and then billions—of dollars in the hope that money alone would solve the problem." Those ideas, he said, "are old and tired and ineffective now." The audience may have reflected that there was nothing like that in Hayes' day. And Mr. Ford eloquently exclaimed, "What we need in this country is not a new deal but a fresh start!"

It sounds reminiscent. Here's how Alan Greenspan put it in an article in Ayn Rand's house organ *The Objectivist* in the early '60s, referring to what, by that time, critics of FDR called the welfare state: "Stripped of its economic jargon the welfare state is nothing more than a mechanism by which governments confiscate the wealth of the productive members of a society to support a wide variety of welfare schemes." (Mr. Greenspan also attacked the antitrust laws and the graduated income tax.)

My difficulty in dealing with Mr. Ford, I find, is the same one that I had with his predecessor, Mr. Eisenhower. In the '50s I would build up quite a head of steam against Ike during the week, only to see much of it evaporate after watching him face to face at his press conference. He was open and disarming and ungrammatical. So what if he had produced inflation and recession at the same time? (Some people claimed that they couldn't understand Ike at all when he got all tied up in his syntax and his hanging participles; but actually it was easy if you just followed his eyes and gestures, and forgot what he was saying.)

Mr. Ford has better grammar, and he is decent and likeable, too. The other day on the South Lawn, with the monument behind and a line of far-off tourists trying to figure out what was happening through the bars of a distant fence, the President strode down—brisk, informal and attractive—and answered confidently, standing behind a lectern with a small presidential seal on it. It was very intimate and cozy.

How about the economy, we asked? He smiled hopefully. Inflation is cut in half, he told us. Of course, he admitted, "as you bring down inflation, we may have to suffer for a short period of time higher unemployment than we like."

But hadn't his own economic team (Greenspan, Simon *et al.*) projected a rate of unemployment through 1976 of eight percent—twice the "normal"?

Mr. Ford tut-tutted; some of his advisers, he recalled, had been overpessimistic about the duration of double-digit inflation which now was down to six percent; maybe they would be wrong too, he opined brightly about the length of unemployment.

It was an odd kind of reason for taking comfort. And it really took audacity, or complete commitment to Positivist philosophy, to go before a bleak convention of the NAACP here, and tell the anxious leaders who knew that 40 percent of teenage blacks in the ghettos are now, by official count, unemployed, that they should be patient. He knew, he said, that "recession hits hardest at low-income workers." He said it consolingly. He didn't spell it out, but the average black family today is trying to live on $58 for every $100 that the average white family lives on—a gap slippage of $3 since 1969. He was like a commander praising shock troops for their stamina in helping to right the business cycle by cutting down over-consumption. "An unstable economy," he told them, "is an enemy of equal opportunity." Yes and "equality of opportunity can be sustained only in the context of economic stability." Calls to the government for help in "the past 15 years," he said had produced "the federal government's spending spree."

The audience was cold and polite. The chairman later called it "indifferent and unresponsive." George Meany said "cruel and fraudulent." There is no doubt that Mr. Ford believes what he says.

Observers pinch themselves. Eight and a half million unemployed; factories at 75 percent capacity; $100 billion lost annually in potential goods and services; the worst recession since 1929; an extra $16 billion added to the huge federal deficit with every one percent of unemployment (from benefits and lost tax revenues) and yet the public is calm; the unemployed are quiet, and the President leads a crusade, not against unemployment but against the New Deal.

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Nuclear Fuelishness

President Ford announced in June that he intends to create "an entirely new private industry" in the US and end the "federal monopoly" in the manufacture of uranium fuel for nuclear reactors. There are three uranium enrichment plants in this country, all owned by the government. They are managed by private companies under contract to the Energy Research and Development Agency (ERDA) but treated as quasi-military installations. The government controls the safety and security systems at the plants and sets the price and quality standards for the fuel they produce. The President wants to change this. He's asking Congress to lend private entrepreneurs the secret process by which uranium ore is transformed into the fissionable stuff that powers reactors. By an unfortunate coincidence, the same process can be used to make atom bomb cores.

Uranium fuel production should be turned over to private industry, Mr. Ford said, because the US must expand its fuel-making capacity and become an exporter to the rest of the world, a sort of Saudi Arabia of the nuclear age. The output of the three government factories now in operation has been sold out for years into the future. Expansion projects are underway, but even the new, unbuilt capacity planned through 1982 has been spoken for by hungry electric utilities. The government has reached a "crossroads," Ford said. Either it will invest up to $30 billion of taxpayers' money to construct new factories, or else transform the industry into a profit-making business. (Of course there is the third alternative of not building nuclear plants at all, but this option isn't being considered seriously.) According to an official at ERDA, Ford realized that if he didn't make the decision to get out of the uranium business now, perhaps no one would. Future Presidents might not like the idea, and if the government dallies, the companies may invest elsewhere. Since the purpose of this program is essentially commercial—to compete with Europeans and drum up business for the US—it seemed a good idea to make it a private rather than a federal venture.

There are problems, though, the largest being the question of how to guard government secrets after they've been turned over to private companies. The technology used in uranium fuel production is the heart of nuclear power. Small and underdeveloped countries haven't had access to it in the past primarily because they couldn't afford to

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buy the machinery and the expertise, and less importantly, because the nations that *did* have nuclear power weren't sharing it. Now the situation has changed. Not only do underdeveloped countries have the cash to buy nuclear technology, but several members of the nuclear club are now eager to sell their knowledge. The most recent example is West Germany, which in May disclosed that it was selling Brazil the technology for a complete nuclear cycle, including facilities for making uranium fuel. Argentina wants a similar package. The German deal shook the US. Even though there were rumors that an American company, Westinghouse, was competing with the Germans for the same contract, it's plain the US would rather not export this technology to countries like Brazil. That preference is being challenged by other nations like Germany and France that don't feel as strongly as the US that nuclear systems should be kept in "responsible" hands. They tend to believe that American policy is motivated as much by commercial concerns as by worries about proliferation. In this view America is merely trying to retain its economic and technological dominance by writing the rules of the nuclear trade. The Europeans are skeptical; they know that if the demand for nuclear fuel is there, and if money can be made by selling it, someone will sell. They're eager to beat the Americans to the punch.

The challenge from America's competitors helps explain why the administration is suddenly interested in uranium fuel again. Ford's answer would deal with both security and commercial problems by having American corporations on home soil provide the service that countries like Germany want to export. That way the US would benefit from the business of fuel production without losing control of the technology, and perhaps even reduce the extent of proliferation. It's an excellent idea if it can be made to work. But although the risks of a nuclear disaster or a security leak are less when the technology stays at home, they still exist. Under the system described by President Ford, private investors will be foreign. The first factory to be built that produces weapons-grade uranium. Many of the investors will be foreignm The first factory to be built under the new regime, if all goes according to schedule, will belong to a group called the Uranium Enrichment Associates, a consortium of American technicians, American bankers and foreign governments. A spokesman for the Bechtel corporation, a leading member, wouldn't say which foreign governments from a list of eight potential partners were likely to sign up, but he did say that Iran "certainly has the money" to afford the venture. Foreigners are expected to supply about 60 percent of the capital. The tentative rules under which they can participate require that no foreign government own more than 20 percent interest in the project, that total foreign ownership be no more than 60 percent, and that total foreign voting interest be no more than 45 percent. There are subtle forms of control, however, against which almost no barrier can be raised. An investor like Iran that has great financial leverage could exercise control over UEA's decisions through interest in other corporations, through its superior ability to lend money on short notice and the usual methods that large American companies use to manipulate their juniors. Could Iran or some future investor like Saudi Arabia or Kuwait demand that Iranians, Saudis and Kuwaitis be trained in the secret technology used at the plant, or that government representatives on the board of directors be given access to classified information or that fuel supplies be cut off to political enemies? The government hasn't thought through all these questions, but a spokesman at ERDA minimized the chance that such problems will come up. He thought no special new regulations will be required. Foreigners aren't allowed to see classified information now, he said, so where's the risk? Presumably under the new arrangement, American technicians and executives will see data that foreign owners, who will provide up to 60 percent of the money, won't be allowed to see. How long can that last? Another difficult question is whether security systems controlled by private interests can give adequate protection to US secrets. ERDA believes they can.

Security systems are expensive, they don't earn profits and yet they are absolutely necessary in making uranium fuel. Unless strictly prevented from doing so, a corporation might try to cut costs in this fringe area. This brings up the second of two large problems in Ford's plan: how much profit will these companies make, and who will see to it that they don't cut corners or inflate their prices to make it? Because it takes several billion dollars to build an enrichment plant, few corporations or governments can afford to play the game. People don't like to take a risk on a venture like this unless they are certain they can sell all the fuel the plant makes. Thus factories are built only if their output can be contracted out to buyers in advance, and usually only one supplier enters the market at a time. There's almost no price competition. Furthermore the companies with the expertise and the nations with the cash to launch one of these projects are the ones that already dominate the energy business—the major oil companies and OPEC. For example one company that's shown interest in starting a uranium fuel factory is Exxon Nuclear. By ending the government monopoly in uranium fuel, the President is laying the foundations for a new, private monopoly.

It isn't clear how the government intends to deal with the security and monopoly problems. There will be international competition of course, but otherwise ERDA has no plan to regulate prices. Instead it will rely on the "visibility" of operating costs to prevent profiteering. A spokesman said that in the UEA project at least, all the costs were known, so that it will be

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impossible for the company to overcharge utilities for fuel. The fuel makers will be expected to earn a reasonable rate of return on their investment, and no more. But who will enforce it? ERDA doesn't plan to require the industry to publish cost data, nor does it have authority to roll back prices if they go too high. The government's three factories should provide some guide to fair pricing, but will this be enough?

No matter how it's approached, the nuclear fuel business requires extensive supervision by the federal government from the preliminary designing of security systems to the computation of fair prices. President Ford and ERDA have virtually conceded that the new plants, if they are built, will operate like federal utilities. The government will guarantee the investors' money against bankruptcy and promise partners that they will be able to get uranium fuel from the US government if the private factories go bust. Once in operation, the companies will be assured of a comfortable profit. Price competition will be negligible. Obnoxious as it sounds, the government really has no choice but to regulate the uranium business in the same way that local commissions regulate other natural monopolies. This will require rate ceilings, public hearings and full disclosure of expenses and earnings. If this offends the President's sense of free enterprise, he should keep the federal monopoly in its present form, hiring private companies as contractors to carry out the government's expansion plans.

Even Educated Fleas Do It

Every scoundrel has the right to a lawyer, so it should surprise no one that one of the dirtiest chemicals in the country has hired one of the cleanest lawyers in Washington to plead its case in the bureaucracy. The chemical is polyvinyl chloride, the second most common plastic, but a dangerous one. It's known to have caused fatal cases of liver cancer, primarily among factory workers, and it's accused of contaminating air and water around factories that use it to make bottles, plastic wrap, records, baby bottle nipples, water pipes. The lawyer is William Ruckelshaus, the former head of the Environmental Protection Agency, who in his tenure from 1970 to 1973 had a reputation for being one of the few men of principle in the Nixon administration. He was admired for his toughness and fairness in fending off industry complaints about antipollution rules at the EPA. Now Ruckelshaus counts among his clients the Society of the Plastics Industry, a group of large companies that make polyvinyl chloride, and he helps present the industry's case to his old friends at the EPA. Ruckelshaus' office confirmed a report in *The New York Times* that about 50 percent of its work is on EPA matters.

Ruckelshaus was out of town last week, but a law partner, Al Beveridge, expressed his own view that there's nothing exceptional in the fact that Ruckelshaus is flacking the industry line to people who were once his subordinates, some of whom he hired. After all, "Manny Cohen, who was head of the SEC, is doing SEC work, and the former head of the antitrust division is doing antitrust work at Covington and Burling, and Peter Hutt, who did food and drug work, became general counsel for the Food and Drug Administration. . . ." A Spokesman for the Society of the Plastics Industry says "50,000 people in Washington" are doing the same thing. Ex-congressmen and former agency people are always flip-flopping between government and private business. It's strictly legit. Beveridge said the Ruckelshaus firm waited "well over a year" after Ruckelshaus left the EPA before setting up shop. He argued that it would be difficult to attract competent people into the government if they knew they wouldn't be allowed to practice privately before their old agencies after or in between stints of public duty. A talented lawyer like Ruckelshaus, it's said, can make three to four times as much money in private practice as in government, so few pass up the chance. But it's disillusioning to see Ruckelshaus in that mold.

A Foolish Pleasure?

They Shoot Horses

Much mourning followed the death of Man o' War on November 1, 1947. After all, he had been defeated only once on the racetrack. A hero in Lexington, Kentucky where he'd stood at stud and where a racing thoroughbred is more than just an animal, he was buried with full honors. Downtown merchants draped their storefronts in black. The funeral was broadcast coast-to-coast on radio and attended by about 2000 humans.

Man o' War remained unchallenged as the all-time equine sentimental champion until this month, when a filly named Ruffian shattered some leg bones in a race, underwent emergency surgery and finally was killed. Ruffian was laid to rest in a tasteful, private ceremony in the Belmont Park infield. (Not an uncommon occurrence; racing grounds around the country are dotted with the gravesites of venerated steeds. When an ardent horseplayer leaves orders for his ashes to be strewn on the track, as often happens, it is usually carried off with reverence. A patron of Pimlico had his cinders deposited at the finish line. Years later when the line was moved down the stretch, a representative shovelful of dirt was transferred to the new site.)

The nationwide outpouring of emotion (tears in

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countless households, the word "tragedy" clouding sports pages, front-page photo and editorial page mention in *The New York Times*) was unremarkable, since the match race between Foolish Pleasure and Ruffian drew a TV audience of millions, alerted to the male-female angle and speculation that the undefeated Ruffian was the greatest ever of her sex. It was already well established that under the right circumstances a horse can be made into as big a celebrity as anyone. Secretariat, the horse celebrity of 1973, was turned over to the William Morris Agency, which exploited his marketability with every conceivable spinoff short of a shaving lather commercial.

So thanks to the combination of her own swiftness and the promotional acuity of CBS Sports, Ruffian was spared the indignity of going unlamented to the dog food factory. And mourners continue to wonder why she had to die. But to think Ruffian's fate extraordinary or to believe it was humane to try to keep her alive once her sesamoid bones were splintered shows a lack of understanding of the beast and the racing business.

Is racing inhumane? A moot question. Horses have long been man's compliant, if involuntary, partner in the enterprise and are unable to say whether they object. Many seem to enjoy running. For the most part they are pampered, since the healthy, happy horse is likelier to win money consistently. When the horse transgresses against man, it is usually out of fear or confusion, and unfortunately man's response is often as irrational. Frustrated trainers and jockeys sometimes abuse the animals; the constant opposition of cruelty and lovingkindness, in fact, has the status of legend. As the story goes, an 18th-century foal named Eclipse was ordered thrown to the staghounds by his breeder, the Duke of Cumberland, because he had been born scrawny. A softhearted stablehand saved the foal. Eclipse grew into a more dominant competitor than any modern horse has been and became progenitor of more than 90 percent of the thoroughbreds in America.

"There is no reason to doubt," wrote R. H. Smythe, member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, "that in its earliest days the horse was well suited mentally as well as physically to the kind of life it lived and that it was well adapted to the environment in which it existed. In all probability this state of things persisted up to the time when the horse first made practical acquaintance with man." Smythe's theory of racing rests on the premise that horses acquired the ability to outsprint carnivorous animals over a quarter-mile or so, and have not since been inclined to go longer distances voluntarily. The jockey's function is to reproduce the fear that inspired speed in the natural habitat and persuade the mount of the need to keep galloping even when tired. While anyone who has ever bet the races can appreciate the comparison of jockeys to predatory beasts, such an extreme explanation isn't necessary to the conclusion that modern racing may be unhealthy in some respects. It's costly to keep racehorses; owners must race them frequently, whether or not they're perfectly sound, and more and more state racing commissions have been forced to legalize painkilling drugs so that horses can ignore their infirmities for a minute or two on the track. The worst of it is in the legs, which are surprisingly slender in view of the shock they must absorb from the massive body weight and momentum at 40 miles an hour. Legs do break, and ordinarily the victim is dispatched as soon as possible, often right on the track. In earlier days it was done with a pistol; now with a painless injection.

Special life-saving measures are taken only with animals of particularly great value. Ruffian had earned more than $300,000 in purses. Had she later proved fertile, she might have produced seven to 10 offspring in a breeding career. Had her owners decided to sell them, they might have brought $250,000 apiece at yearling auctions. A bloodstock insurance agency in Kentucky had an estimated stake of $500,000 in keeping Ruffian alive.

Veterinary miracles have been wrought in similar circumstances. Two years ago a colt named Spanish Riddle was repaired and fitted with an artificial foot, so that he could survive and service mares at a substantial fee. Before that the shattered leg of Hoist the Flag, a top-bracket stud prospect, was painstakingly pinned together at the C. Mahlon Kline Orthopedic and Rehabilitation Center at the University of Pennsylvania's School of Veterinary Medicine. The world-famous center takes every precaution against the reinjury of a horse emerging from anesthesia. A post-operative horse wakes up floating, in a life raft fitted with legholes, in the middle of a swimming pool, so it cannot hurt itself if it reacts naturally by thrashing.

Ruffian awoke on a floor, with three men trying to hold her down. With the massive strength and vitality a finely-trained thoroughbred hasn't the wit or will to subdue even when in pain, she threw off the attendants and kicked her cast out of place, aggravating the injury. Kept in a convalescent, reclining position she would have been susceptible to pneumonia, paralysis and other complications anyway. On her feet but denied mobility she would also have been in misery. Dogs and cats may be able to do OK on three legs, but horses do not prosper in such a condition; only their owners do.

In 1665 Governor Richard Nicolls decreed racing in New York for the purpose of improving the breed. Time has obliterated that purpose; wars are no longer fought on horseback, nor is mail delivered. Racing must exist for other reasons. The late Charles Hatton, columnist for *The Morning Telegraph,* once theorized the sport was a means for the children of the ultra-rich to establish their own identities. He pointed out that Secretariat's owner, Helen Tweedy, had "more TV exposure than Indira Gandhi" (this, of course, was not said recently). And the late Joe H. Palmer, saint of

(continued on page 11)

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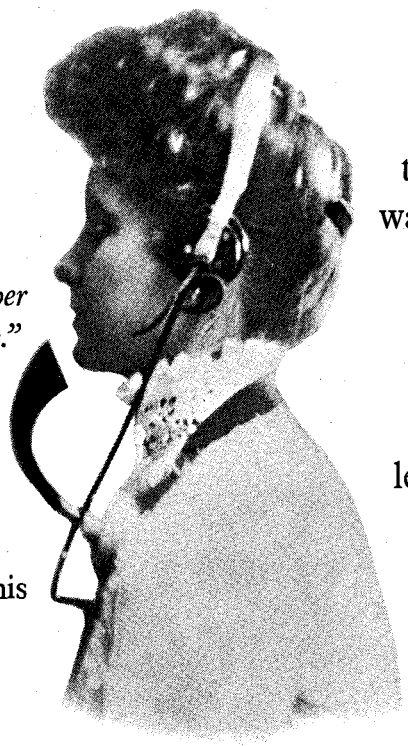
One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

How there came to be only one telephone company in town.



"Number please."

"In many cities of the United States, and in rural communities as well, there are dual and competing telephone systems, doing both local and long-distance business...Patrons of these telephone systems are put to endless annoyance and increased expense. In order to reach all the people using telephones, the telephone patron finds he must install two telephones in his house and office...Double systems of cables, wires and conduits burden the streets and highways."

—Report of the House of Representatives Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, 67th Congress (1921)

When Alexander Graham Bell's telephone patents expired in 1893 and 1894, new telephone companies sprang up almost overnight. The accepted way of organizing communications was to have the "dual and competing telephone systems" cited in the Congressional report.

"Call us. We're on the Bell," was a frequent invitation in those days, to friends or customers. Central, the voice of "Number, please?", spent a lot of time explaining to customers that the number wanted was on the town's other telephone system. And each month there were two telephone bills to pay.

A solution to the problem had been worked out long before by John Stuart Mill. In 1847 Mill had studied the situation of two other new industries that supplied water and gas through pipes to the homes and businesses of London:

"It is obvious, for example, how great an economy of labour would be obtained if London were supplied by a single gas or water company instead of the existing plurality. While there are even as many as two, this implies double establishments of all sorts, when only one, with a small increase, could probably perform the whole operation equally well; double sets of machinery and works, when the whole of the gas and water required could generally be produced by one set only; even double sets of pipes, if the companies did not prevent this needless expense by agreeing upon a division of the territory. Were there only one establishment, it could make lower charges, consistently with obtaining the rate of profit now realized."

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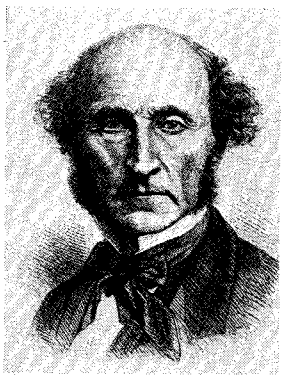
Such a consolidation, Mill saw, was clearly in the public interest. The concept of a "public utility" was reinforced.



John Stuart Mill

When Edison's electric light superseded illuminating gas, the parallel was obvious. It was not quite so obvious for the telephone.

It was not hard to see that the public benefited from having water piped into homes. But while some viewed the telephone companies as providing a similar vital service, others regarded them as being more akin to manufacturers selling ingenious machines in the luxury class. When only a few people had telephones, one observer called them "electric toys." Should Bell's invention be compared with Edison's new electric light, or was it more like his phonograph? As the proportion of homes and businesses with telephones grew, the usefulness of the telephone increased greatly.

Then there was the matter of geographic area served. An exclusive franchise for a specified area is a natural corollary of Mill's concept of a public utility. And exclusiveness was a troublesome subject.

When two or more rivals supply a similar service, competition keeps each up to the mark, or else some eventually lose customers and go out of business. If in the public interest, government removes that rivalry by granting exclusive franchises, then government must provide the mechanisms for preventing arbitrary or excessive charges or unreasonable or discriminatory regulations.

The doctrine of public regulation of privately owned resources has its roots in Roman law and the tenet of *justum pretium* —"just price." English common law provided a rationale for regulation. In an essay on rates for wharf services, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, established in 1670 the criterion that private industries "affected with a public interest" may be regulated by the public:

> "If the King or subject have a public wharf unto which all persons that come to that port must come and unload their goods...because they are the only wharfs licensed by the King...or because there is no other wharf in that port...there cannot be taken arbitrary and excessive duties...but the duties must be reasonable and moderate....For now the wharf and crane and other conveniences are affected with a public interest."

Various municipal boards did undertake to control the quality of service provided by water, gas and electric companies, usually through periodic reviews of franchises granted. It was no easy task. For quality of service leads quickly to questions of cost: good service for the price charged;

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equal prices for all customers for services of a similar nature, so that no one is discriminated against; adequate service capacity so that anyone able to pay for the service can have it.

Local officials had their hands full regulating the three industries already mentioned (water, gas, electricity). They were not eager to take on the responsibility of regulating the telephone business. And so redundant companies continued to exist in many towns. Confusion multiplied geometrically as the companies strung long distance lines to connect various cities.

Theodore N. Vail

Soon after he was elected A.T.&T. President in 1907, Vail enunciated the goal: "One policy, one system, universal service." He saw that the future of the business depended on having one unified telephone service for the entire nation—a service that every family and business could enjoy. That meant ending duplicate telephone companies, replacing them with exclusive telephone franchises. In other words, Vail understood that it was not enough for the nation to have telephone companies. What was needed—and what he sought to create—was a *telephone system.* Vail saw, too, that the very "exclusivity" of the franchises invited—indeed, demanded—regulation by officials elected or supported by the public to protect the public interest.

Vail thus agreed with the efforts of Gov. Charles Evans Hughes of New York and Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, who were working to persuade state legislatures to try a new approach to regulation through state utility commissions—responsive to the public at the state level—as best serving the public interest.

The state commissions, supported by public desire for efficient regulation, worked. Most public utilities came to be regulated on a statewide basis, and a framework of efficient regulation was set.

Vail recognized, however, that national regulation also was a necessary complement to state regulation, particularly since one company—A.T.&T.—was chiefly responsible for interconnecting the individual telephone companies into a telephone system.

As noted earlier, regulation of telephone companies already had begun to develop at the state level. But on the national level—for telephone lines and services crossing state boundaries—there was no federal counterpart to the state regulatory commissions, although telegraph companies had been regulated to some extent by the Postmaster General and the Interstate Commerce Commission under statutes dating back to the 19th century.

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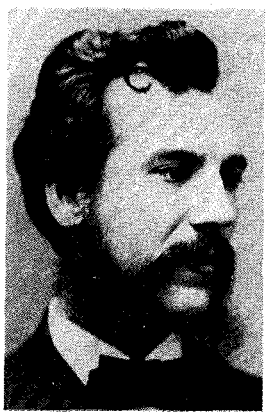

Alexander Graham Bell

The first effort at comprehensive federal regulation came in the Mann-Elkins Act of 1910, amending the Interstate Commerce Act. Telephone, telegraph and cable companies were declared to be common carriers subject to ICC regulation.

Federal regulation took a new turn in 1934 with the passage by Congress of the Communications Act, which established the Federal Communications Commission. The intent of Congress—as it had been the intent of both Bell and Vail—is outlined in Section I of the Communications Act:

"For the purpose of regulating interstate and foreign communications by wire and radio so as to make available, so far as possible, to all the people of the United States a rapid, efficient, nationwide and worldwide wire and radio communication service with adequate facilities at reasonable charges..."

Almost alone among the nations of the world, then, this country entrusted the development and operation of its communications resources to private enterprise. It endowed companies with the rights and responsibilities of common carriers, each solely privileged to purvey its services within its territory but all in turn strictly accountable through state and national regulation to the public they serve.

Has it worked?

In 1968, President Johnson's Task Force on Communications Policy concluded, "It can be truly said that the United States has the finest telephone system in the world."

That kind of service didn't just happen. It was planned that way, right from the start.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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America racing writers, may have had the last word when he averred that he was "no noted lover of the horse, but of a way of life of which the horse was once, and in a few favored places still is, a symbol—a way of charm and ease and grace and leisure."

Michael Roberts

Mr. Roberts is a former trackman for the *Daily Racing Form*.

Guaranteeing the Peace

Israeli Concessions

American utopianism is being applied to Israel these days with a vengeance. Israel, it is argued, should relinquish the Arab territories it has held for purposes of strategic defense either through piecemeal (but rapid) withdrawals or all at once in a grand gesture of good faith. It should do this because it will eventually have to give up the territories anyhow, because such concessions are the only avenue to peace, and because the sophisticated weaponry now available to the Arabs has invalidated the concept of buffer zones. *The New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis explains: "The land occupied in 1967 is less and less significant in terms of physical security. New weapons reduce the distance . . . Retention of the occupied territories is sapping the already diminished reserves of goodwill toward Israel in the world." C. L. Sulzberger, also of the *Times*, holds that "since 1967 it [Israel] has displayed little diplomatic sense. . . . Jerusalem failed to give while the giving was good."

Behind these pragmatic sounding propositions lie some less explicit theoretical notions, above all, that the Israeli-Arab conflict can be resolved by reasonable people behaving reasonably toward one another and that whatever Israel risks in security will be more than made up for by changes in Arab sentiments and "world opinion." Ultimately these policies rest on the assumption that "as war begins in the minds of men, there it will have to be ended." Israeli concessions, it is said, are the way to turn the Arabs' hatred into tolerance and ultimately to bring peace.

Yet the sad reality just may be that the Israeli-Arab conflict is not currently amenable to solution. For even if *all* the Arab states were to embrace *peace* (not just nonbelligerence) tomorrow, if tourists and trade were to flow freely across the troubled borders, this would still not obviate the significance of strategic geopolitical factors. Anyone familiar with international history knows that nations linked by economic, cultural and other transactions have regularly warred with one another: thus France and Germany in 1870, 1914 and 1940. And they know how divided states like Korea, Vietnam or British India (*i.e.*, Pakistan and India) have repeatedly found themselves at war. Perhaps these were not integrated nations, but surely they shared communal values and commitments more than Israel and the Arabs will ever do.

As to the "insignificance" of geopolitical factors, it is worth saying that missiles vary in range and that their long-distance efficacy so far has proven to be unimpressive. Far more important, if one has the choice of being attacked by missiles alone or by missiles *and* tanks *and* soldiers, one must obviously choose the first—and resist geopolitical changes that open the way to the second. Strategic passes, desert buffer zones and mountain reaches buy time—for the mobilization and deployment of reserves and for the rallying of outside support. Without such a time factor, Israel might be overrun as quickly as the Greek portions of Cyprus or South Vietnam's northern and central provinces.

Sooner or later after whatever withdrawals are made, the borders of Israel will have to be set somewhere and the Arabs will have to "accept" the remaining state. But at that stage there is little reason for one or more Arab nations or Palestinian groups not to ask for "more"—*no matter* what concessions Israel has voluntarily made or the United States has exacted. There is no reason to believe that the PLO or Syria, or even in the longer run, Egypt, will be satisfied by any particular set of concessions. Sadat, it should be remembered, mouthed peace slogans while he was preparing the attack on Israel in 1973. The Palestinian organizations, especially, have made no secret of their unwillingness to settle for anything less than the nonexistence of Israel. But I rely not on this or that statement; even if the Palestinians tomorrow would all declare they would be satisfied with a return to 1967 (or some other) borders, and mean it, there is little reason for them later not to ask for more. People and nations change their minds all the time.

What is at stake are the hard facts of military potential, not the soft factors of trade, tourism and culture. Hence territorial concessions should be tied to arms reductions, *not* as tests of intentions or as gestures, but as concrete security arrangements. Thus parts of Sinai can be returned to Egyptian control if the Egyptians agree that they will introduce no military forces and only small police forces into those areas. The understanding must be explicit that if they reoccupy them with force, this would entitle the Israelis to return in force. (The model of enforcement suggested here is known as "mutual-partisan" and does not require big-power patrols, Security Council votes and budget appropriations or periodic extensions. Similarly, parts of the West Bank might be integrated into Jordan, as long as Jordanian troops remain east of the Jordan River—and Israeli patrols can verify the demilitarized status of those parts.

Finally Israel could do with fewer territorial buffers if there would be a mutually agreed and properly

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inspected reduction of armaments. Moreover the arms embargo would have to be binding not only on the two superpowers and the potential recipients, but on such arms purveyors as France, Great Britain, Czechoslovakia; as well as arms transferrers, Libya and Saudi Arabia. At issue are highly visible items and hence the problems of enforcing such an embargo are relatively simple—or at least seeing whether the embargo is being honored is relatively simple. A reduction in the size of armies in the area would also be easily verified, mutual earnests.

The reader may note that no reference is made to the Golan Heights, Sharm-El-Shekh, or the status of Jerusalem. It is not my purpose to describe in detail what territorial concessions might be made in exchange for what arms reductions and security guarantees. These are best worked out in direct negotiations between the parties involved. And it could take years before concessions agreed upon in advance were actually made on the ground because further moves would depend on the earlier ones having been rewarded with the agreed arms reductions and reductions in standing armies *staying* "reduced." The purpose here is to illustrate the principle of trading territories for actual military potential, not for easily reversible promises and gestures, the notion of "partisan-mutual" enforcement of agreements made.

Once such agreements are drawn, the Arabs' true intentions and willingness to settle will soon become evident. I am inclined to think that they will prefer war to a settlement of this kind—not because the Israelis will concede too little, but because ultimately the Arabs are not ready to live in peace with a viable Israel. But these agreements would also serve to reassure them about Israel's intentions. They serve all sides—if all sides are interested in peace. As long as the Arabs can hope to pressure the West through military threats or control of oil, there is little reason for them to concede any of their main demands in response to territorial concessions from Israel. The proper time for a lasting settlement may well come only in a few years, when the international power tilt will right itself, when increased oil production from Mexico to the North Sea, from Indonesia to Nigeria, will reduce the Arabs' international weight.

As the United States is firmly committed to seeking a peace in the Middle East that is compatible with the survival of Israel, the search for an Arab "change-of-heart" will have to continue without undermining Israel's defenses—always remembering that feeding pieces of territory to the lions at the gate may only whet their appetite.

Amitai Etzioni

Mr. Etzioni, an early figure in the disarmament and anti-Vietnam war movements, is professor of sociology at Columbia University and director of the Center for Policy Research.

White House Watch

Bowing to OPEC

The last serious and thorough interagency federal study of this country's foreign oil problem was initiated in March 1974, six months before Gerald Ford succeeded Richard Nixon in the presidency. The basic conclusion of the study that the only escape for the US from the grip of the foreign oil cartel known as OPEC is through the reduced use of imported oil and the development of alternative energy sources was identical with the one that was reached and announced by President Nixon on November 7, 1973. In essence the sanitized version of the 1974 study published last November and the energy program submitted to Congress by President Ford last January justified and elaborated upon the policy approach that Mr. Nixon had adopted without benefit of the study. Even the title of the published study and the symbolic phrase that Ford officials and spokesmen continue to use—"Project Independence"—was borrowed from Richard Nixon and it is as deceptive now as it was when it was first proclaimed. True independence from imported oil was not intended in 1973 and is not intended now. The most that President Nixon actually hoped for and the most that President Ford hopes for is reduced vulnerability to the price and related pressures that foreign oil producers, particularly Iran and the Arab producers in the Middle East, can bring to bear upon the United States so long as this country depends to the extent it does upon their oil.

The core assumption of the adopted policy and of the view underlying it is that the United States now has no practical and predictably effective way to prevent further increases in the price of OPEC oil, much less to induce or compel rollbacks in the present inflated price, and won't have for at least two more years. The argument presented in this journal's previous issue, to the effect that the US does have means of "calling OPEC's bluff" by using American economic power against the OPEC governments, is considered to be foolishly and dangerously mistaken by the officials who expound and are trying to implement Ford energy policy. In the words of one such official: "Most of that stuff is nonsense. It won't work. What it comes down to is that we need their oil. The be all and end all of our industrial development is their oil—OPEC oil. It's all very well to say we're strong and we're tough and we ought to act like it, but one would have thought that we got out of that notion in Vietnam. We are strong, we are tough and all that, but when it comes to doing things that are intended to get these countries to reverse policies that they consider to be in their interests, getting tough with them just isn't going to work so well."

Because of the respect that the backgrounds and

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demonstrated expertise of some of these officials demand, I would find their argument more persuasive than the counterargument offered in this journal's July 5 & 12 issue were it not for a fact that emerges from several weeks of inquiry at the White House, the Federal Energy Administration and Treasury, State and Defense Departments. The fact is that since the fall of 1974 there has been no formal and serious questioning, no fresh interagency and White House review of the assumptions that underlie the conviction just quoted that "most of that stuff is nonsense." More specifically and, to me, more disturbingly, there has been in recent months no organized, interagency search for and examination of nonmilitary sanctions that might deter further OPEC price increases and perhaps encourage rollbacks in present prices. The proffered excuse is that every conceivable sanction of this kind was discussed, considered and rejected during the aforementioned 1974 study and during the less intensive review that preceded the Nixon proclamation of Project Independence in 1973. The inquirer is also told in carefully veiled terms that possible military sanctions, up to and including the seizure by American forces of key oil fields in the Persian Gulf area, were discussed and considered with equal thoroughness, and rejected with equal finality, in 1973 and 1974. A classified summary of these discussions and of the factors cited for and against military retaliation at the time of the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo was included in the 1974 "Project Independence" report and deleted from the published version. The proffered excuse is not good enough. It is astonishing, it is disturbing, that President Ford has neither called for nor been offered a fresh and serious examination of the proposition that the US is as helpless in dealing with the OPEC price squeeze as Nixon-Ford policy assumes it to be.

This is not to say that there are not individual dissenters within the Ford bureaucracy. There are dissenters, advocates of a bolder and more positive policy in lieu of the prevailing and fundamentally passive policy. Some of them are in high positions. The public utterances of Treasury Secretary William Simon suggest that he'd take a much harder line than the administration is taking, particularly against the Arab producers who dominate OPEC. (An overlooked fact is that there are *two* foreign oil cartels, the Organization of *Arab* Producing and Exporting Countries and the larger, Arab and non-Arab Organization of Producing and Exporting Countries. It's OPEC that raised the price and threatens to raise it again, but it was OAPEC that embargoed the US and other industrialized consumers in 1973-74.) Yet Simon, like others whose views are reflected in what follows, vigorously supports the adopted policy in public. Treasury's representatives, for example, press for adoption of such Ford-Kissinger devices as the proposed "minimum safeguard" floor under imported oil prices at the Paris meetings of the consuming nations' principal instrument of cooperation, the International Energy Agency. Secretary Kissinger's idea that such a guaranteed minimum would keep the OPEC countries from undercutting domestic producers and hence wrecking any incentive for developing new oil and other energy sources seems ludicrous to me. But, with some important modifications, it's enthusiastically endorsed and furthered by people, including William Simon's people at Treasury, who ought to know what they are doing. Behind this show of intragovernment unity, however, there are nuances and differences that seem never to come to the President's attention.

There is a view that Mr. Ford should be much more aggressive and forthright than he is supposed in the bureaucracy to be when he deals, directly and through others, with such OPEC moguls as the Shah of Iran and Prince Fahd of Saudi Arabia. A measure of the prevailing passivity is the assertion, heard in quite authoritative quarters at the Treasury and Defense Departments, that President Ford never so much as mentioned the oil price issue during his recent talks with the Shah at the White House. A White House informant with access to the secret records of those conversations said the other day that the subject was raised and discussed. Whether the President stated his public view that future OPEC price increases in rumored ranges of one dollar to four dollars per barrel would be "totally unacceptable" was not disclosed. Two possibly indicative facts were that it was said at the White House that the President didn't really mean what "totally unacceptable" might be taken to mean when he used the phrase at a press conference, and that immediately after his last meeting with Mr. Ford the Shah told reporters that a ruinous 35 percent increase in the current OPEC price would be justified and might be imposed in September.

A related opinion, clearly not shared by the President and seemingly not even conveyed to him in recent months, is that firm presidential statements to responsible OPEC leaders that any further price increase is indeed "totally unacceptable" to the United States should be followed with quiet, gradual denial to the principal OPEC gougers, notably Iran and Saudi Arabia, of the American weaponry, technology, training and other goods and services that they want and gladly pay high prices for. The official counter to this argument, a counter that Henry Kissinger has recently made to officials who present it to him, is that the OPEC governments would turn to such other suppliers as Britain, France and Germany and, in the last extremity, to the Soviet Union. A middle-level advocate of economic deterrence of this kind shrugs and says "so what?" when Kissinger and others argue that other suppliers would simply displace the US. Iran and Saudi Arabia obviously prefer what the US has to offer over what other countries have to offer and—so the argument goes—they'd think twice before dealing

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themselves out of the American market for things they need. Whether sanctions of this sort would actually have the desired effect is, however, a genuinely open question. An indication that they might not is the noneffect of a hard-nosed policy that William Simon has applied in an area where he is more or less free to do what he pleases. Excepting only projects that have been in the works for a long time, with guarantees of US financing, he has required the Export-Import Bank, over which the Treasury has policy control, to deny new loans and underwriting to OPEC governments and to prospective American suppliers of those governments. With considerable though not entire success, he has advocated a similar policy of denial at the World Bank and such regional institutions as the Inter-American and Asian Development Banks. This approach pleases fellow toughies in the government, but it has had no discernible impact upon OPEC price policies. All of the private dissents rest upon two convictions. One of them, voiced in administration propaganda but none the less valid for that reason, is that nothing the US can do will be effective unless Congress enacts a sound domestic energy program. The other conviction, never openly voiced, is that if the US gets tough at all it must be prepared to get tough militarily when and if the Arab producers react to the point of what Kissinger calls "strangulation."

Perhaps the most interesting argument heard at working levels in concerned departments and agencies is that the US will never put itself in a position to overcome OPEC dominance until it views the problem seriously enough to bring into risk the many and complex political and national security factors and relationships that are involved. For instance: is the potentially disastrous erosion of industrial economies, not to mention the impact of arbitrarily high and fixed oil prices upon the economies of developing countries, so grave that political and security relationships with such countries as Iran and Saudi Arabia must take second place? The prevailing official view is that the consequences of present and prospective foreign oil prices are not that serious. The dissenting view is that they are and that the US has got to accept the view that they are truly ruinous, not only to industrialized consuming countries but, in the foreseeable end, to the producing countries as well.

A knowledgeable official friend who is much involved summed up the problem: "It's a controversial area and a new area and there's no way one can look at it with a great degree of certainty and say that one thing is right or wrong. We're groping around, sort of searching for solutions. This Project Independence may not be the perfect one or even the best one. Who knows? I don't. You don't."

John Osborne

Will Indira Heed the Supreme Court?

Mrs. Gandhi's Watergate

by Francis G. Hutchins

India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has locked up droves of her political enemies. She has suspended constitutional rights and imposed such drastic press censorship that even publishing news of the censorship rules is banned. More than 1000 persons have been jailed, including the venerable Jayaprakash Narayan, the prominent associate of Mahatma Gandhi.

Mrs. Gandhi's current troubles began with her conviction by a local Allahabad judge for two minor election abuses. These involved taking undue advantage of her prime ministerial office to wage her personal political wars. The judge decided that Mrs. Gandhi improperly ordered government officials to assist her in her bid for reelection to parliament. To Americans this sounded like a replay of Nixon and Watergate. Cartoonist Paul Szep portrayed Indira saying, in Hindi, "I am not a crook." Mrs. Gandhi herself contributed to the impression by announcing that she was seeking to protect not herself but "the institution of the prime ministership." The Watergate parallel was apt in several respects, but Mrs. Gandhi by her own subsequent actions quickly indicated its limits.

Following her lower-court conviction Mrs. Gandhi won a tactical legal victory by securing a ruling allowing

Francis G. Hutchins, recently returned from India, is the author of *India's Revolution: Gandhi & the Quit India Movement.*

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her to remain in office pending appeal to India's Supreme Court. The opposition however insisted that she step aside until her case was resolved to spare India the indignity of being led by a convicted prime minister. Mrs. Gandhi preferred to stay put and when the opposition threatened to launch a campaign of civil disobedience she clamped down with unprecedented severity. Mrs. Gandhi contended that the public campaign to force her resignation was evidence of a "conspiracy" to oust her from office, which justified invoking emergency powers. To many others her use of these powers, though formally legal as her earlier actions were technically illegal, seems conclusive evidence of her unfitness for office. While affording her a temporary respite, her crackdown has definitely jeopardized her case before the Supreme Court. She has been badly damaged by her encouragement of the impression that, despairing of the merits of her case, she is now attempting to intimidate the court as well as her political antagonists.

Mrs. Gandhi has done what Nixon might have wished he could do. Her actions look like the same kind of cynical and selfish perversion of law practiced by Nixon. But Mrs. Gandhi has plunged ahead where Nixon drew back precisely because she knows she has substantial backing. Few Americans other than Richard Nixon thought that his survival in office to the bitter end was of national importance. Nixon manipulated legalities because his political base had disintegrated and all he had to hide behind was "the institution of the presidency." Mrs. Gandhi can count on passionate public support in many quarters and is well aware that her opponents, though powerful, are nonetheless a vulnerable minority. Mrs. Gandhi has a weak legal case but strong public backing; her opponents have a strong legal case but weak public support. Mrs. Gandhi could be said to have cast herself in the role of an aggressive Andrew Jackson rather than of a cowering Nixon. In his grandstanding defiance of the Supreme Court in 1832 President Andrew Jackson declaimed, "John Marshall has made his decision; *now let him enforce it!*" Jackson boldly addressed the Court as an embodiment of a higher law of popular sovereignty. Mrs. Gandhi may have decided to make this same gamble.

India, 28 years after the attainment of independence, bears many resemblances to Jackson's America. In both the United States and India the anxieties associated with the overthrow of foreign rule gave way after several decades to a jubilant nationalist self-confidence and a democratic leveling of ranks that disregarded legal formalities. Like Jackson Mrs. Gandhi has identified herself with both these moods. She won great popularity by presiding over the war to separate Bangladesh from Pakistan and was similarly applauded when she abolished the privileged status guaranteed by India's Constitution to the former ruling maharajas. Once boxed in by Pakistan, India now is unrivaled on the Indian subcontinent and increasingly inclined to show the flag—and the bomb.

Mrs. Gandhi's unquestioned popularity has encouraged her to throw her weight around. It has also driven her opposition—which includes a number of disgruntled maharajas—to explore extra-parliamentary ways to stymie her. By a resort to Mahatma Gandhi-style hunger strikes and marches, coupled with an assist from India's staunchly independent judiciary, her opponents have now succeeded in provoking a confrontation that may yet topple her. Mrs. Gandhi's ideological supporters are primarily socialist, secular and pro-Soviet Union. Her opponents tend to be right-wing, capitalist businessmen and Hindu religious elements who are vigorously anti-Communist. Their leader, however, is ironically unrepresentative of this coalition. Seventy-two years old, Jayaprakash Narayan is virtually the only authentic hero of India's nationalist struggle still politically active. Long a selfless crusader for good causes Jayaprakash, or "J.P." as he is usually called, inspires the special kind of reverence India bestows on political ascetics. J.P. has lent his unquestioned luster to Mrs. Gandhi's opposition but it is doubtful whether J.P. exercises much influence over those in his shadow. More typical of the persons who have gathered behind J.P.'s symbolic struggle is Raj Narain, the obstreperous lifelong enemy of Mrs. Gandhi's family who lodged the complaint that led to Mrs. Gandhi's conviction. After failing to unseat her in

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her local constituency Raj Narain has now tasted revenge by catching her in a legal trap. Persistence has paid off for Raj Narain who has in the past futilely accused Mrs. Gandhi of such crimes as illegally taking precious jewels out of the country to adorn her person while on foreign tours.

When Raj Narain lost the election he appealed to the courts because he knew they were outside Mrs. Gandhi's control. The Indian judiciary resembles in many respects the relatively autonomous American judiciary. This is not so much a result of Indian fondness for the American doctrine of separation-of-powers as of a historical accident. Before Indians gained their independence in 1947 the Indian judiciary had become more fully Indianized than other parts of the British imperial government. Indian judges established a reputation for themselves as defenders of the civil rights of Indians against British arbitrariness. As a result the judiciary managed to survive largely unchanged when the British left. The most radical, most fully Indianized component of the pre-1947 British governing structure then became the most conservative, most anglicized force in Indian public life. Unlike the civil service inherited from the British, which was quickly subjected to the political control of the governing Congress party—as evidenced by Mrs. Gandhi's crime—the judiciary was spared. Until Mrs. Gandhi recently created a sensation by violating the custom, the person appointed chief justice had always been simply the most senior justice of the Supreme Court. Securely insulated, the court remained calmly aloof in an otherwise tumultuously politicized country. In fact, as in the United States, the high level of politicization of other governing institutions enhanced the judiciary's reputation for incorruptibility and the political importance of that reputation. Judicial investigations of disputed issues have become an important way of restoring public confidence.

If India successfully weathers the current crisis it will most probably be due to the great esteem in which the Supreme Court is held. If the court decides for Mrs. Gandhi there is a good chance their decision will be respected by all parties. If the court decides against her she will have to resign or break totally with India's constitutional structure. There is no reason to conclude that she is prepared to do that. To date, her actions, though extreme, have not violated the Constitution, which permits the president, on the advice of the prime minister, to declare a temporary state of emergency. Mrs. Gandhi knows that India, like the United States, is too complex a country to be readily clapped into a Salazar-style dungeon. Her efforts to curtail protest and curb the press even temporarily have not been entirely successful. Newspapers leaving blank spaces where editorials would have been suggests the strength of the Indian spirit of free speech. Only public support has permitted her to act as forcefully as she has and this will not persist if she abandons legal procedures entirely. Mrs. Gandhi's Jacksonian populism has put a severe strain on India's institutional structure. But that structure is well entrenched and beyond it there remains the threat of massive civil disobedience in the tradition of Mahatma Gandhi. If she loses her appeal it is more probable that Mrs. Gandhi will resign and rule through a surrogate than try to hold onto power by wrecking the Constitution.

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Controlling Librium and Valium

The Tranquilizer War

by John Pekkanen

After a legislative, regulatory and legal battle waged for nearly a decade, Librium and Valium, the tranquilizer twins that rank as the greatest financial success story in the history of drugs, have just fallen under government regulation. The controls, which went into effect July 2, will be administered by the Drug Enforcement Administration.

The long battle to control Librium and Valium was anything but routine. It brought to it a number of illustrious Washington political names fighting on different sides for different reasons for 10 years. The contest, though usually waged quietly and out of public earshot, shows how the cleverness and resourcefulness of a company, coupled with a stumbling federal bureaucracy, prolonged the imposition of a government order for so long that now that it's finally come it will mean very little.

The two drugs involved are manufactured by Hoffman-LaRoche, the Swiss-based pharmaceutical giant that operates, in New Jersey, the firm called Roche Laboratories. Librium and Valium did for Roche Labs what oil did for John Paul Getty. To protect its financial windfall, Roche hired such men as Joseph Califano, the former special assistant to President Johnson and Thomas Finney, a partner in Clark Clifford's Washington law firm. The company also won the vital support of Rep. Paul Rogers (D, Fla.), often called "Mr. Health" because of his influence on things medical in the House of Representatives. Even Watergate's John Wesley Dean III was involved at one point. One stalwart against the company was the late Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut, who made it one of his last public acts in Congress to attempt to place controls on these drugs.

The company's reason for resisting controls can be told in a word: money. The story of how Librium and Valium came to mean so much to Roche, which spent hundreds of thousands if not millions of dollars to escape control, is a simple one. Librium was discovered virtually by accident by a researcher at the New Jersey Roche plant. After tests and government clearance, it was marketed in 1960 amid a wave of publicity. It was featured at the time in *Life* magazine under the headline: "New Way to Calm a Cat." The "cat" was a European lynx and the *Life* piece lavishly praised Librium's tranquilizing properties. Forevermore Librium would be known as the drug that tamed wildcats. Roche Labs also promoted its new wonder drug to physicians and it was not long before Librium displaced Miltown as the most talked about tranquilizer. In very quick order Librium became the biggest selling tranquilizer in the country. Also in 1960, however, a more disturbing note was sounded when tests at a California veterans hospital demonstrated that Librium produced physical dependence and that its withdrawal symptoms were quite severe, sometimes including seizures. Dependency on Librium was obtained by using extremely high doses, but not doses larger than an addict might take. The important point was that Librium, contrary to its maker's claims, is dependence producing. However like so much other adverse information on drugs, this report (and others like it) was buried under a promotional avalanche from Roche. Librium found wide acceptance in the medical community.

In 1963 came Valium, a chemical sister of Librium but considered about four times as potent. More striking than the physical dependence incident to Librium and Valium was their potential for psychological dependence, particularly in light of the promiscuous way they were and still are prescribed. There have been cases in which 800 Librium and 600 Valium capsules were prescribed at one time for one person. Many researchers became equally concerned over the "need" state created by these two drugs in light of their vast popularity.

The popularity was not accidental. Roche Labs waged what is considered to be the most intensive and expensive campaign in the history of a drug industry renowned for spectacular promotions. Roche carefully divided its promotional avenues. Librium was promoted for "anxiety"; Valium for "psychic tension." But between the two of them the advertising managed to cover nearly every conceivable problem an average doctor could encounter in his office. Much of the ballyhoo was directly aimed at women. Roche took out a series of ads to promote Valium for muscle spasms in athletes, promoting one doctor to remark before Sen. Gaylord Nelson's monopoly subcommittee that not only do we need saliva tests for horses, but for hockey and basketball players as well. The only illness—real or

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John Pekkanen, a fellow of the Drug Abuse Council, Inc., a nonprofit organization studying drug abuse, is the author of *The American Connection*, a study of the drug industry. This article does not necessarily represent the views of the council.

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imagined—that Roche seemed to overlook, one industry critic remarked, was Librium or Valium for "the trauma of birth." It is conservatively estimated that Roche Labs has spent well over $400 million—including journal advertising, detail men and other promotional devices—to ingrain these two drugs on the minds of practicing physicians and their patients.

It clearly paid off. In 1973, the last year for which such figures are available, Valium's wholesale sales exceeded $225 million and Librium's sales were approximately $75 million. This does not include sales to the military, which are substantial. From the wholesale figures, one can infer that retail sales were in the neighborhood of a half billion dollars in 1973. That's about half the total US tranquilizer market. It comes to about 80 million prescriptions, or about four *billion* Librium and Valium pills, enough to supply 20 a year to every adult and child in the country. Currently Valium is the most often prescribed drug and Librium is number four. Only about two percent of the sales income for these drugs goes to manufacture and distribution; the remaining 98 percent is for promotion and profit.

Roche resisted government regulation of Librium and Valium because of the adverse impact it might have on sales, and because Librium and Valium account for more than 80 percent of the company's sales. What Roche Labs was saying was that by putting Librium and Valium under the minimum controls the government was considering, the cost to the company would be substantial, and they did not wish to make the sacrifice, despite the evidence that their drugs were overprescribed and abused. Essentially the sales loss—which might have meant $10 to $20 million a year—would not result from the controls themselves, since they only impose record keeping requirements and a six-month prescription limit, but rather from the new restraint such controls place on the doctor's prescribing habits. That is what Roche fought. When Librium and Valium were free of control, there was no stigma attached to prescribing them, giving them a great competitive edge over the regulated competition. The regulations will now forcefully alert doctors (and general practitioners are the heaviest prescribers of tranquilizers) that the FDA has determined that these drugs can cause dependence and other problems.

The first governmental shot was fired against Librium and Valium in late 1965 when an FDA advisory committee recommended that they be controlled under the drug abuse control amendments, then administered by the FDA. Although a number of drugs were specifically named by Congress in that 1965 law, heavy lobbying by Roche and Carter-Wallace, Miltown's creator, prevented their tranquilizers from being included. Therefore any attempt to control them would necessarily mean time-consuming administrative hearings.

COMING: Proving socialism
can do it all better—
by John Kenneth Galbraith

hat followed for Librium and Valium was not one but two drawn-out sets of hearings in *two* federal agencies, first before the FDA and later, after the 1968 governmental reorganization that gave drug policing powers to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD), before that agency. The FDA hearings riveted on the medical evidence against the drugs, which was convincing despite the government's occasional difficulty in finding researchers willing to testify against a drug company. Many researchers fear the loss of grants and other fringe benefits that come to those who get along well with the drug industry. Nonetheless the government compiled a body of evidence that showed Librium and Valium were implicated in auto accidents, that they were abused, that they were illegally diverted, and that addicts could and did get large supplies through multiple prescriptions from different doctors. Also noted was the discovery that in some people Librium creates a "paradoxical rage," rather than the intended tranquil state. Additionally some recent and very preliminary data suggest Valium is implicated in chromosome breakage to a greater extent than previously thought. A recent and careful prospective study of more than 18,000 pregnant women revealed that mothers who took Librium during early pregnancy had four times the likelihood of having a child with serious birth defects than women who took no drugs. The birth defects included mental retardation and deafness. The study was published in the December 1974 issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine.*

Roche Labs lost the initial FDA hearing. But because of the government reorganization, the case fell between the cracks and the FDA never issued regulations on Librium and Valium. When the BNDD was organized in 1968, it held a hearing of its own after another two-year delay. Librium and Valium lost there too in 1970. As the case dragged on sales soared and the prescriptions flowed freely.

Roche, as had always been its custom, went first class in fending off the government, usually by hiring liberal Democratic lawyers. It had in its corner Thomas Finney, of Clifford, Warnke, Glass, McIlwain & Finney, an extremely able attorney. He was, for a while, Sen. Eugene McCarthy's presidential campaign manager in 1968 and he has been Roche Labs' chief Washington lawyer for 10 years.

But in 1970, as Finney was busy defending Librium and Valium in the BNDD hearing, another threat came up in Congress—the Nixon administration's compre-

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hensive drug bill. Sen. Dodd, who had developed a personal antagonism toward Roche Labs for their attempt to weaken the 1965 drug bill he sponsored, made noises about putting Librium and Valium into the language of the new bill. Dodd, in fact, referred to Librium and Valium as "killer" drugs whenever he got the chance, and cited their links to suicides. Because Dodd was adamant, John Dean, who was shepherding the bill through Congress for the administration, wrote Dodd a memo asking that he not single out Librium and Valium in the bill. Dodd refused. Dean and the administration's interest in protecting Librium and Valium probably had more to do with their feverish desire to get the drug bill passed before the election than to any special fondness for Roche Labs. Like anyone else who had tangled with the company, they had come to respect its lobbying strength. Senators and representatives at the time were besieged with Roche propaganda, including an expensively bound volume on the virtues of Librium and Valium.

The drug bill nevertheless did pass before the elections. Dodd succeeded in including Librium and Valium in the Senate's version of the drug bill, but the House-Senate conference excluded them. The man instrumental in getting them out was Rep. Paul Rogers, who has always enjoyed a warm relationship with the drug industry. Roche Labs had gone beyond ensuring that their drugs be excluded from the law that year. Aided by the Capitol Hill expertise of lobbyist and prominent Democratic lawyer Joseph Califano the company accomplished one other important goal. The drug bill as originally written classified drugs according to schedules. The first was for drugs such as heroin and cocaine that have no sanctioned medical use in this country and a high abuse potential. The least restrictive schedule, the fourth, was for many over-the-counter drugs, such as cough syrups with codeine. Because Roche had long maintained that Librium and Valium should not be lumped in with other depressants such as barbiturates, it prevailed on health subcommittee chairman Rogers to insert an additional schedule for minor tranquilizers. The schedule, a redundancy, placed identical controls on minor tranquilizers and on barbiturates, but it put tranquilizers in Schedule IV, not Schedule III. It came to be known as the "Roche schedule," and it is where Librium and Valium are now placed.

"In terms of a total package," an admiring government lawyer remarked, "the Roche people put together the best combination of things I've ever witnessed. They developed a good drug, promoted it to the hilt, kept it out of government control for nearly 10 years, pulled in two of the most powerful law firms in the country to protect them, and made a fortune on it. And then to top it off they even got their own schedule to control it."

Roche had beaten Congress twice, but lost administrative hearings twice, and so it exercised its option to ask the US Court of Appeals to review the hearings. In March 1973 the court ruled that while the government had proved its case against Librium and Valium, it had denied the company due process by not turning over a document at the first FDA hearing in 1966. The document was virtually useless, but it was enough for a reversal.

The primary reason Librium and Valium are now finally coming under control is that in August 1973 Roche said it would submit. Why it did so is a secret locked up somewhere in Switzerland. At the time, many who had been scarred in battles with the company predicted it would take a year before the controls could be imposed. They were wrong. It took two years, even with "voluntary" compliance. An FDA spokesman said the delay was due to the sluggishness of "bureaucracy" and a recently begun, thorough evaluation of Librium and Valium and similar drugs. (Under the 1970 drug law the FDA is required to make a recommendation to the Drug Enforcement Administration.) It is unclear why there should have been two years of delay in formulating a recommendation after mountains of evidence had already been gathered. But because the company said it would no longer fight control, it has reaped a PR windfall.

Mathea Falco, an attorney and member of the FDA Controlled Substance Advisory Committee that recommended Librium and Valium be controlled, remarks: "One can't help but wonder how much Roche's willingness to go along with the scheduling of Librium and Valium, which they delayed so successfully for years, had to do with the fact that their patents were running out and they would no longer enjoy the exclusive monopoly on these two best selling drugs. So while the company looked very good in going along with the controls, they could easily afford to, since they had beaten back the government control efforts for nearly 10 years." It took two government reorganizations and three different agencies to do it.

What will happen now? Sales of Librium and Valium will probably drop somewhat but because we consume about 250 *million* prescriptions for mood drugs a year, our drug-taking patterns are not likely to be very greatly changed. Roche Labs and other drug companies have been too successful for that to happen. Librium and Valium are neither the "killer" drugs Sen. Dodd called them nor the benign little wonder pills the company said they are. What made them hazardous was the enormous popularity they achieved among consumers and doctors, and the promiscuous way they have been used. The consequence of this in human terms is incalculable, but it is clear that many people, even doctors, were never really aware of the potential dangers. Government regulation and warnings to all physicians might have helped to slow down our drug taking and the problems it has caused if it had come a lot sooner.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Death of a Salesman

(Circle in the Square)

Death of a Salesman contains the idea for a great play, and I would maintain that its immense international success comes from the force of that idea prevailing over the defects in execution. The force takes hold with the very title, which is highly evocative, and is amplified by the opening sight of Willy Loman coming in the door. That sight is a superb theater image of our time, as unforgettable an icon as Mother Courage and her wagon (another traveling salesman!): the salesman home, "tired to the death," lugging his two heavy sample-cases, rejected by the big milk-filled bosom of the country from which he had expected so much nourishment.

The force of the play's idea continues fitfully to grasp at us: the idea of a man who has sold things without making them, who has paid for things without really owning them; an insulted extrusion of commercial society battling for some sliver of authenticity before he slips into the dark.

But to see the play again is to see how Arthur Miller lacked the control and vision to fulfill his own idea. First consider the diction of the play, because a play is its language, first and finally. *Salesman* falters badly in this regard. At its best, its true and telling best, the diction is first-generation Brooklyn Jewish. ("Attention, attention must be finally paid to such a person.") But often the dialogue slips into a fanciness that is slightly ludicrous. To hear Biff say, "I've been remiss," to hear Linda say, "He was crestfallen, Willy" is like watching a car run off the road momentarily onto the shoulder. (I've never heard anyone use the word "crestfallen" in my life.) Then there is the language of Willy's brother Ben, the apparition of piratical success. He speaks like nothing but a symbol, and not a symbol connected with Willy in any perceptible way. Miller *says* he's Willy's brother, that's all. The very use of diamonds as the source of Ben's wealth has an almost childishly symbolic quality about it. When Miller's language is close to the stenographic, the remembered, it's good; otherwise, it tends to literary juvenility, a pretended return from pretended experience.

Thematically, too, the play is cloudy. It's hard to believe that, centrally, Miller had anything more than muzzy anti-business, anti-technology impulses in his head. Is Willy a man shattered by business failure and by disappointment in his sons? Then why, when he is younger and at least making a living, when he is proud of his sons and they of him, does he lie about his earnings to Linda and then have to correct himself? Why, at the peak of his life, does he undercut his own fourflushing to tell her that people don't take to him, that they laugh at him? The figure that comes through the play is not of a man brought down by various failures but of a mentally unstable man in whom the fissures have increased. Willy is shown to be at least as much a victim of psychopathy as of the bitch goddess. When was he ever rational or dependable? Is this a tragedy of belief in the American romance or the end of a clinical case?

But assume, for argument, that Willy is not a psychopath, that he was a relatively whole man crushed by the American juggernaut. What is the play's attitude toward that juggernaut, toward business ideals? There is no anagnorisis for Willy, no moment of recognition: he dies believing in money—in fact, he kills himself for it, to give his son Biff the insurance benefit as a stake for more business. His son Happy is wedded to money values and says over his father's coffin that he's going to stick to them for his father's sake. Biff was so aggrandized by his father that he became kleptomaniacal as a boy and even now, after his father-as-idol has collapsed, can't resist stealing a successful man's fountain pen as a niggling vindictiveness against that man's success and his own non-success. The only alternatives to the business ethos ever produced in the play are Willy's love of tools and seeds, building and planting, and Biff's love of outdoor life. As between romances, I'll take business.

Miller confuses matters even further by the success of young Bernard next door as a lawyer in the Establishment world, a success for which Willy feels envy. What we are left with is neither a critique of the business world nor an adult vision of something different and better but the story of a man (granting he was sane) who failed, as salesman and father, and who made things worse by refusing to the end to admit those failures, which he knew were true. That is one play, and possibly a good one if it were realized; but it is quite a different one from a play that, in its atmosphere and mannerisms, implies radical perception about deep American ills.

Some other points. When I saw the film in 1952, which made the environment more vivid, I couldn't help wondering why Willy had money worries: he had almost paid off the mortgage on his house, which was a piece of real estate in an increasingly valuable and desirable section, to judge by the building going on all around it. I don't think this is a petty literal point in a realistic play whose lexicon is bill-paying. Further, all the dialogue about Willy's father, with his wagon-travels through the West and his flutes, seems falser than ever: Miller's imposition on this Brooklyn play to give it historical base and continental sweep. As with the character of Ben, there is a schism in tenor between this material and the rest of the play. Last, a point that is strangely more apparent now than it was in 1949 when *Salesman* first appeared: the play is set in the late 1940s and reaches back some 15 years, yet there is scarcely a mention of World War II. How did Biff and Happy escape it? If they didn't, wouldn't the reunited brothers have had something to say about it? And wouldn't the war have had some effect on Willy's past-cum-present view of promise-crammed America?

Some of the play is touching still:

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

French Connection II. Not the same texture as *FC I*, but Gene Hackman is good, and there's excitement.

Monty Python and the Holy Grail. English spoof of England's Arthur. Few guffaws but likable lunacy.

Nashville. Country music as a locus for viewing the US. Its impact is in its size and structure, rather than its penetration.

The Passenger. Antonioni. Reason enough to see it. There aren't a great many more reasons.

SK

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Abravanel and Rudel

Two of America's best conductors, though not our most famous, were on display in England and France in late May and early June, each doing his own thing without much help from the powers that be back home. One of them, Maurice Abravanel, brought his own orchestra, the Utah Symphony, for a privately sponsored tour of the English province and London; the other, Julius Rudel, general manager of the New York City Opera, was in Paris to conduct what was the first performance ever at the opera of Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*. ("After our run-through of the overture," Rudel says, referring to what may be the work Arturo Toscanini played more than any other, "my concertmaster said to me, 'You know, maestro, that's a very good piece.'") It was the first time an American had ever led the premiere of anything at the Paris Opera, which makes it more than a little strange that this paragraph is probably the first notice of the occasion that has appeared in print in the United States.

Like Leonard Bernstein and André Previn, who is firmly established as permanent conductor of the London Symphony, both Abravanel and Rudel have worked in the popular musical theater as well as in operatic and symphonic literature, and have never entirely shaken off the public aftereffects of the reduction in dignity. Abravanel, whose background is Greek-Sephardic and whose formation is French-Swiss, left the Metropolitan Opera, where he had been at his debut in 1936 the youngest conductor in the history of the house, to conduct *Lady in the Dark* on Broadway for his old friend and teacher Kurt Weill, and then he had to go all the way to Sydney, Australia, to get a job as a symphony conductor. Rudel, who started with the City Opera as an adolescent rehearsal pianist in its inaugural season 30 years ago, first returned to his native Vienna as the conductor of *Kiss Me Kate*. Opera, not since Toscanini's fight with Gatti-Casazza half a century ago, has not been the royal road to musical eminence in America.

Abravanel went to Salt Lake City in 1947, taking over a semiprofessional orchestra from a disastrous predecessor and, with a remarkable blend of charm, singlemindedness and political agility, built an institution of much more than local significance. He kept his personal lines out to the greater world through friendships (which are nearly universal: Abravanel really is the creature of sweetness and light his old friend Bruno Walter merely pretended to be); through guest conducting (regularly, for some years, at the Berlin Philharmonic); and through his direction of the Music Academy of the West at Santa Barbara during the summer months. He built his orchestra through a combination of shrewd recruiting among first-rate soloists for whom he could find supplementary teaching employment and careful selection from the resulting crop of locally trained youngsters. Meanwhile—it was a stroke of genius—he brought the steadily improving quality of the orchestra to the attention of a public outside the mountain states by persuading his board to subsidize a series of recordings to be engineered and issued by ambitious small commercial record companies.

This series, most of it on the Vanguard label, started 20 years ago with a long-deleted Handel Society recording of *Judas Maccabaeus*, capitalizing on the choral traditions of the area and on Abravanel's knowledge of unheralded singing talent on the West Coast. The climax was a complete set of the Mahler symphonies, some recorded for the first time ever (including the Seventh, where the Abravanel-Utah version is probably still the best; and the gigantic Eighth). The recordings, coupled with some proselytizing to the army of young Mormons far from home, won the orchestra a respectably well sold house at both of the concerts I heard on their recent tour, one in Carnegie Hall in New York, the other at Royal Festival Hall in London.

Both programs started with the same two pieces—Copland's Broadway-oriented *Billy the Kid* and Vaughan Williams' euphonious Eighth—followed in New York by the Prokofiev Sixth (which I thought a mistake); in London by the Brahms First, in a very lyrical performance in the Central European tradition of 40 years ago that melted even the stony hearts of the British critics.

It was a lovely demonstration of Abravanel's warm musicianship and of the clarity of his individual, highly expressive technique, which subdivides beats through a liquid use of shoulder, elbow and wrist hinges, and occasionally sends the baton up to the angle of Teddy Roosevelt's sword in the charge at San Juan Hill. The string choirs, half women and more than half local to Utah, did themselves proud in both cities, playing with admirable precision and tone, especially in the Vaughan Williams cavatina. The percussion was pretty distinguished, too. In London, unfortunately, the wind section sounded tired, and the oboist had apparently cut the wrong reeds for Festival Hall. Still the audience was pleased, and so was I; one does not often hear this sort of consensus romanticism these days, and its absence is crippling to the development of young musicians—especially the rebellious young, who have almost systematically been deprived of anything to rebel against.

Rudel's Paris triumph is of course more important, both for itself and for where it can lead; Rudel being a quarter of a century younger than Abravanel. Because they have known him all his musical life, in a context where he has to try harder because the available resources are never sufficient, New Yorkers do not view Rudel as a major international figure. Until the day he died, Morton Baum, the brilliant lawyer and amateur musician who invented the City Center and guided the City Opera, referred to his general manager and chief conductor as "the boy."

In Paris all this is different. Rudel is temperamentally incapable of becoming the toast of *tout Paris* (put him in a deluxe hotel and he quickly moves out to something much cheaper because he can't stand to waste money), but musically Rolf Liebermann's new-model, supersubsidized opera clearly sees him at the top. For Rudel's *Forza*, Liebermann hired what was probably the best (certainly the most highly priced) cast of soloists assembled for an opera production in the past season—Arroyo, Cossotto, Domingo, Mittelmann, Bacquier and Talvela. Not to be vulgar about it, the total cannot have been less than $30,000 per performance for soloists alone, which is more than five times as much as Rudel can afford for soloists in his own opera company. An obvious inference is that Paris could also have hired the most glittering of celebri-

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ties to conduct its luxury cast, and Liebermann chose Rudel.

I heard Rudel's debut in Paris two years ago, in Verdi's *Trovatore*. He was by no means pleased to learn I was going to be there, because he was picking up the performance in mid-season and had not been given any rehearsals at all; in fact, I learned later, the chorus on the afternoon of the performance sent Liebermann an official *remonstrance*, to the effect that they could not guarantee the evening's performance because they had never met the maestro. Fortunately *Trovatore* opens with a chorus scene, and Rudel before mounting the podium made the gesture of going backstage and showing himself to the assemblage. Then he took his place, gave a firm but not unfriendly look to the men on his left, the same for the men on his right; the stick went firmly up and came firmly down; and it was a hell of a *Trovatore*. At the end, Rudel had to be summoned back for a second solo curtain call, because the men had stayed in the pit to applaud him, and he hadn't expected that. (It almost never happens: the musician who plays in an opera orchestra normally takes a small recompense for the indignity of his anonymous nightly burial at the bottom of a pit by walking out the moment the performance ends.)

For *Forza*, Rudel had nine rehearsals with the orchestra (six with and three without the singers), and he conducted 11 performances, all sold out at a $30 top, over the course of five weeks. I heard the ninth performance, and by then Arroyo and Domingo were gone, with the lesser Kabaivanska and Giacomini in their place. Moreover it was a night to demonstrate that while Liebermann has done wonders in cleaning out what were real stables at the opera, he missed a few cobwebs. The aged attendant who was supposed to tell Cossotto when to leave her dressing room fell asleep in the hall, creating an amazing 90 seconds of silence on stage while everyone waited for Preziosilla's entrance; and later a second trumpet Rudel told me had not played for him before made a belated and slightly cracked entrance.

Despite these awkward moments, and some patches of spotty singing by the two substitutes, the Paris *Forza* seemed to me better than the performances I saw last season at the Metropolitan and at Covent Garden—better in its expression of the menace of Leonora's flight theme, in its willingness to be perfectly sincere about the religiosity that is the only dramatic dignity the work has, and in the bounce and power of the vulgar, important crowd scenes, where Rudel was greatly helped by a chorus that now rivals the Bolshoi for power and accuracy. It was also, incidentally, the best work I have ever heard Rudel do in an Italian score—though he once triumphed at the City Opera with Boito's rarely heard and even more rarely successful *Mefistofele*, his true *Fach* has always seemed to me to be the smaller scale, more rationalist lyricism of Handel, Mozart, late 19th-century France and the later Richard Strauss.

On the podium, Rudel never makes a gesture that is not significant; it is a pleasure to watch his stick, and to observe his extraordinary ability to establish what the technicians of conducting call eye contact with either orchestral performers or soloists who at this moment, for any reason, need help. He is the unquestioned world's champion at what he has called "instant opera," where the conductor must hold together a complicated piece with little or no rehearsal. That a talent for scrambling may be valuable even in deluxe surroundings was demonstrated by the Cossotto fiasco, when Rudel immediately saw the *next* problem, and had his fiddles repeat the two bars immediately preceding her delayed entrance, to make sure she would not have to find her own pitch in the dead air. She then sang like an angel, incidentally, with a uniquely seamless voice that effortlessly covers two octaves, almost validating Liebermann's eccentric notion that the dramatically functionless part of a gypsy camp follower warrants the employment of the world's best mezzo-soprano.

Next winter, Rudel is committed to eight more performances of *Forza* and eight of Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte* in Paris, and in the interstices he will be commuting to Vienna, where he will conduct a new production of Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* at the Staatsoper. The question of what Rudel can achieve with resources much greater than those of the City Opera is rapidly being answered, very positively, far from home. We still need, of course, what perhaps he alone can do at the City Opera; but I think he has made his case that every so often he is also entitled to work on the highest levels of ambition (and cost) in America, too.

Martin Mayer is a free-lance writer.

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Eccentric Vision

From Under the Rubble by Alexander Solzhenitsyn et al.

(Little, Brown; $8.95)

The brooding presence of Solzhenitsyn overshadows his five collaborators in this reader on Russian religious themes. Like an Old Testament prophet, he thunders against the godless trappings of modern life. National redemption depends on a purge of collective guilt, as "millions pour out their repentance, their confessions, their contrite sorrow—not all of them perhaps publicly, but among friends and people who know them."

It is an eccentric vision, especially for Western readers who have accepted Solzhenitsyn's images of prison camp as a metaphor of the human condition. In his fiction, there were comprehensible villains: Stalin, the secret police, stool pigeons. In these essays, the message is: "We are all guilty." Unless we wrestle with evil, we become its handmaidens. "Even in the most totalitarian states, whose subjects have no rights at all, we all bear responsibility."

Existentially the guilt derives from the sins of inaction and complicity. In *The Gulag Archipelago*, Solzhenitsyn doubted that Soviet mass arrests would have occurred in the '30s if the victims' neighbors had not cowered behind their doors but confronted the police with hammers and pokers. Here his sharpest shafts are directed at the artists, scientists and professionals who had sold out "all ideas and convictions." Spared the ubiquitous fear of the Stalin era, they are seduced by the "mercenary pursuit

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of bigger and better salaries, titles, positions, apartments, villas, cars."

Metaphysically the guilt stems from Solzhenitsyn's view of human nature in which original sin must be scourged by the discipline of Russian Orthodoxy. St. Augustine's analogy of the unjust state to a robber band points the moral: an ethical life can be led only on the fringe of society. Indeed the few good people to be encountered on these pages are the Russian believers being martyred in prison or subsisting "as cleaners and caretakers."

In his thesis of national consciousness, Solzhenitsyn attempts to vault the "rubble" of recent history. As in the Nobel lecture, he argues here for the divinely inspired existence of nations, subject to moral judgments like individuals. Russia, in particular, has much to atone for. Its misdeeds stretch back to the 17th-century ecclesiastical reforms that drove out the Old Believers, to the political ambitions of Peter the Great that whetted appetites for power. If all this sinfulness partakes of the divine purpose, it must engender "the natural proclivity of Russians to repent . . . and set the whole world an example."

The rather incredible scenario is reminiscent of the haunted characters of Dostoevsky and of the Orthodox services in which worshippers contritely prostrate themselves. For his spiritual revolution, Solzhenitsyn needs a lever. He finds it, as Alexander Herzen did a century before, in the peasantry whose untutored faith enables them to endure suffering with grace. These moral pillars—"the just"—recall the positive figures of his fiction: the simple heroine of "Matryona's House" embodying the soul of her village, the janitor Spiridon of *The First Circle* nurturing an inner light while going blind and Ivan Denisovich sustained by his folk wisdom and decency.

When Solzhenitsyn published his *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* last year, critics were quick to label him a Slavophile, contending with such Westernizers as the physicist Andrei Sakharov and the Marxist historian Roy Medvedev, in a replay of the grand debate that had engaged Russian thinkers long ago. Like Herzen, however, he is too complex to fit such facile typecasting. Far from Slavophile expansionism, he preaches a turning inward. As Herzen sympathized with the aspirations of Poles and Ukrainians, Solzhenitsyn asks his countrymen to "abjure the plague of expansion beyond our borders." He challenges them to go Northeast, young man, to celebrate the greening of Siberia rather than covet the Mediterranean since "we have no business there."

For his apocalyptic texts Solzhenitsyn adds the zero-growth strictures of the Club of Rome to the visions of the Book of Revelation. Thus his doomsday calendar reads, "We have less than a hundred years to live." He derides the Sakharov manifesto of 1968 for pursuing material progress with the advice of scientific experts. But after the shock of the energy crisis, it is easy to expose the naiveté of technological optimists whose shortcuts to prosperity turn out to be merely detours on the road to global ecocide.

Cavalier rejection of the libertarian credo of Sakharov and the dwindling band of the Soviet "human rights movement" is another more shocking matter. If the rulers would only scrap their atheistic ideology Solzhenitsyn would be prepared to render them what is Caesar's. He scorns freedom as a chimera, a sinful snare. Russia's history has accustomed the people to authoritarian rule. He claims freedom to pray and to write, but even these rights are undercut by his praise of the true faith flourishing under repression, the real literature circulated underground.

One of his co-authors, Mikhail Agursky, proposes censorship by elected officials instead of bureaucrats. It is jarring to recall Solzhenitsyn's impassioned attack on censorship in his 1967 letter to the Union of Soviet Writers, with its reference to 600 literary martyrs. Finally, it is dismaying to note this book's blind spot when it comes to the recent persecutions of non-Orthodox groups—Jews, dissident Baptists, Ukrainian Uniates, Lithuanian Catholics, Asian Buddhists. If they and other free spirits are ever to find a Russian refuge, it is not likely to be the narrow temple designed by Solzhenitsyn and his apostles.

Harvey Fireside

Harvey Fireside is professor of politics at Ithaca College.

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Compleat Angler

I Don't Need You When I'm Right by Vic Gold

(William Morrow & Co.; $6.95)

Vic Gold, the Mount Vesuvius of Washington flackery now turned columnist, made his reputation by giving apoplexy a good name. Operating always on the thin edge of hysteria in behalf of Barry Goldwater in 1964, Spiro Agnew in 1970 and 1972 and a host of minor hustlers in between, Gold served his principals and the press well by inculcating the conviction in all that he would fall on his sword if necessary to get them through the day. With such clients, hara-kiri probably had great appeal to him, yet he not only survived but managed to do so in a spirit of good will that defied the vitriol of his personal conservatism, and in this book he illustrates how. Behind the right-wing ideologue breathes, or, more accurately, gasps the compleat angler, the PR hustler so professional that he has reduced the hustle to categorized

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science, and in doing so is able to see both the avarice and the humor in it.

To the congenital flack, candor itself is a weapon of persuasion, and Gold lays it on in spades. When a man who was paid by Goldwater, Agnew and the Bourbon Institute confesses on the second page that he voted for John Kennedy rather than Richard Nixon in 1960 and drinks scotch, not bourbon, he has a firm grip on you from the start. As he frolics through a career that began as a law student at the University of Alabama and reached a peak a heartbeat away from the presidency, Gold keeps feeding the reader similar revelations about himself and others, providing insight into the ever increasingly influential Washington business of best-foot-forwardness. He reprints, for example, a hilariously pompous and exact timetable for the Nixon-Agnew victory night appearance at the Shoreham Hotel on November 7, 1972 that includes the line: "11:20 p.m. (approx.) The Vice President concludes and moves to stage left of the platform . . ." To which Gold asks, "But wait: suppose the Vice President were to move to stage right? Or even worse, run over his allotted speaking time? Haldeman forbid!" He recalls one time Agnew did speak too long—eight minutes—at the welcoming ceremony on Nixon's return from Peking: "'Who wrote that goddamned speech?' he [Haldeman] demanded, his face contorted in a spasm of autocratic apoplexy. 'We told you people it was to run only four minutes!'" And if Vic Gold doesn't know a spasm of apoplexy when he sees one, who does?

Being one of the few PR men not afraid to go on the offense in an essentially boot-licking business, Gold has some things to say about the need for a new public relations to deal with the new journalism, or at least with those practitioners of the new journalism who themselves use the worst of PR tools—lying, distorting, hyping and piping of quotes, flying under false colors, etc. He puts Joe McGinniss of *The Selling of the President* fame into this category, contending that "McGinniss and his type are to political reportage what Chuck Colson was to the Nixon White House: they'd walk over their own grandmothers to turn in smart-ass copy." His answer in the 1972 Agnew campaign was to bar from the Agnew press plane reporters and/or publications he didn't trust. "The trauma of being had by an ingratiating newsperson with a machete hidden beneath journalistic credentials can jaundice a PR man's future attitude toward strangers in the

Is there really starvation in America?

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NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
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media." (As well as his view of the First Amendment, one might add, which includes no provision for personal selection by PR men who by definition are in the business of hyping.)

Gold also reveals a rather inconsistent moral indignation over the practice of what he calls anti-PR press agentry, best illustrated in the Dick Tuck caper against him and Goldwater in the 1964 campaign. Tuck planted a spy on the Goldwater whistlestop train who slipped humorous anti-Barry communiqués under the doors of sleeping reporters each night. She was discovered by an irate Gold who ambushed her in the act and summarily tossed her off the train in Nowheresville, West Virginia, in the early light. If ever a propagandist was hoisted by his own petard, this was it: the spy happened to be young, good-looking and the daughter of the general counsel of Sears Roebuck in Washington, one of Gold's regular PR clients. *The New York Times'* Charlie Mohr made page one by writing: "She was the spy who was thrown out into the cold."

While noting that Tuck's prankery, unlike the Donald Segretti dirty tricks of the 1972 Nixon campaign, broke no laws, Gold makes this lament: "Nevertheless, I think anti-PR press agentry—even when more prankish than malevolent—has no part in political campaigns. The question isn't simply what's legal and illegal. It's whether a campaign operation interferes with the opposition candidate's effort to get his message across to the voters." In a business in which a candidate's "effort to get his message across" too often includes outrageous hyperbole and character assassination, it takes chutzpah for the ex-flack of Spiro Agnew to cry foul at Tuck's stranger on the train. But then chutzpah has never been Gold's short suit, as his book amply and even joyously illustrates. Anybody who, as press agent for the Pan American Coffee Bureau, successfully parlayed Coffee Day with Hawaiian statehood and staged a Hawaiian coffee break for Congressmen, serving a coffee-and-pineapple juice concoction called "Frosted Coffee Hawaii," is no shrinking violet.

In this book of confessions, the final one is as candid as the rest: Vic Gold was had by a superior con man, Spiro Agnew. He acknowledges that his own paranoia about Nixon on Watergate permitted him to believe the Agnew investigation was just another Nixon dirty trick to divert attention from Nixon's own troubles. By then back in the private sector again, Gold by his own description "ran a one-man propaganda office [for Agnew], arguing my former client's case in the court of public opinion." At one point he checked on reports that Agnew was trying to cop a plea with Agnew himself, and was told it wasn't so. Shortly afterward the deed was done and Gold was left with egg on his face. He has been trying to wipe it off ever since and this straightforward and funny book is as painless a cleanser as one could hope for.

Jules Witcover

Jules Witcover is on the staff of *The Washington Post.*

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by Ralph J. Flynn

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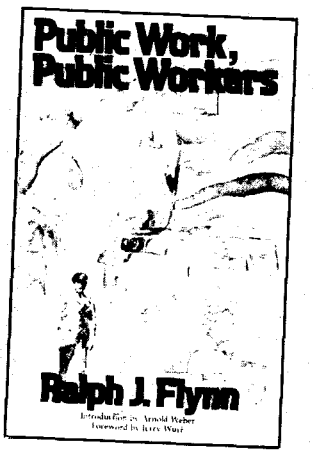

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Self-Conscious Comics

The comics are becoming an exceedingly self-conscious medium. After the amateur fanzines come the commercial classics reprints, anthologies and histories galore. Academe has embraced the funnies; so has the collector's market. The US is catching up with the European intellectual enthusiasm for this not-so-innocent art; and the country that made the comic perhaps the most massively diffuse iconographic object in history may yet develop a critical perspective upon its supposed social innocence. Pretentious and commercially self-serving as much of the recent literature is, it has an undeniable informational value that will eventually contribute to the demystification and—hopefully—depollution of the forces constituting our cultural environment.

The Comics, an Illustrated History of Comic Strip Art
by Jerry Robinson
(Putnam; $15)

Comix, a History of Comic Books in America
by Les Daniels and John Peck
(Fusion Books; $7.95)

Origins of Marvel Comics
by Stan Lee
(Simon and Schuster; $9.95, $5.95 paper)

The Comic-Stripped American
by Arthur Asa Berger
(Penguin; $2.95 paper)

A History of Underground Comics
by Mark James Estren
(Straight Arrow; $9.95)

The Apex Treasury of Underground Comics
ed. by Susan Goodrick and Don Donahue
(Quick Fox; $4.95)

Jerry Robinson's book covers ground made familiar by Stephen Becker's long out-of-print "standard work," and is written with the same journalistic facility and critical indiscrimination. The description is heavy with minor figures

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and tends to flatten out the peaks of the art. The historical framework is threadbare and frivolous: to couple (in a random stream of political and cultural "keynotes" of the '60s) the H-bomb and Twiggy as comparable phenomena is to debase history, and to insult the intelligence of the reader.

Les Daniels' and John Peck's *Comix* is the most sensitively written and best organized of any survey I have read. Instead of floating the reader down an endless stream of data (like Becker and Robinson), he confronts him with the watersheds and turning points. The chapters on the "E. C. Revolution" (*i.e.*, from the Horror Comics to *Mad*) and the "Comics Code Controversy" are excellent, showing unusual critical grasp of the inner workings of the industry.

Apart from the story samples reproduced (in lusty color, unlike the anemic plates in Robinson), the interest of Stan Lee's anthology of the comics he himself writes, lies primarily in the light shed on the psychology of the comics producer. The spirit in which Lee discusses the evolution of his comics is similar to that in which he originally made them. He thinks of himself as mover and destroyer, god of the media and the childish imagination. With genial bluster and biblical phrases, he simultaneously regenerates, distorts and parodies ancient mythological material. The creative self-consciousness is manifested in the Marvel comics through various devices to establish esthetic distance between the product on the one hand, and its creators and consumers on the other. Narcissus withdraws, the better to jump into his own reflection. But this is accompanied by an extraordinary degree of self-deception. Lee candidly states his purpose (which is that of so many other comics producers), "to relieve the awesome affliction that threatens us all: the endlessly spreading virus of too much reality in a world that is losing its legends." In fact it is the comics' manichaeistic dissociation of myth (good) from reality (bad), and their ignorance or denial of that vast historical process by which myth grows out of reality, which is the "awesome affliction" threatening our culture.

Comics historians (notably Berger) take as their task the dispelling of the illusion that comics are "pure entertainment" irrelevant to social reality. One can shoot Lee's claims to "pure mythic fantasy" clear out of the sky simply by pointing to the stereotype he rehashes even now of vicious Communist spies trying to steal US secrets and take over the world. Elsewhere he casually has "America's mighty defense structure" unleash its "fantastic arsenal" at an "unidentified" (thus not necessarily enemy) missile. Marvel's almost abstract joy in the physical destruction of bodies and things is a reflection of a greater and more sinister reality, that of the adult media's attitude to our recent wars.

Arthur Berger relates the major comics characters to the "American character." Within the ethnocentric limits endemic to the study of American popular culture, his project is an ambitious one. It is vitiated by a constant groping for a basis of comics characterization in the realm of individual psychology, rather than social structures. The book is also very dependent upon individual "experts" who are called upon to bolster some colossal sociological cliché or to put out of its agony, in one fell blow, some far-reaching social problem.

The underground comics offer a vehicle for understanding a broad comics tradition that they have absorbed and against which they react. Their self-consciousness is of a peculiar, aggressive, and highly ambivalent kind. They explore a love-hate relationship with their creators' personal alienation from society, bringing down to earth that which *Superman* and Marvel try to elevate to mythic unreality. They plumb the depths of contempt for certain social attitudes propagated by the newspaper strips, while respecting, in many instances, traditional graphic and comic formulas. Robert Crumb and Gilbert Shelton exhibit a "classic" control of the medium into which they cast their new social consciousness; others attempt to recast the medium itself in a manner that parallels the experiments of the European "bande dessinée pour adultes." Estren's book contains a wealth of information about the artists, their backgrounds, their attitudes toward each other, their publishers, and their problems with distribution, censorship, etc. Much of all this is significant, as much again is trivial. The text is swollen with prolix, indiscriminate quotations and long crescendos leading to stunning banalities. Estren's style aims at a "hip coolness" which is self-consciously anti-academic and all too often slips into the arch and condescending. The book's best feature is the broadly chosen illustrations; its worst, the lack of index, quite unforgiveable in a book of this scope.

The Apex Treasury of Underground Comics contains a sequence of astonishing graphic ingenuity, and possibly of some philosophic profundity, by Art Spiegelmann. Strips of this kind bid fair to bring the medium in line with the experimental "high art" of our age. If Spiegelmann is even mentioned in the 312 huge pages of Estren's book, he is not sufficiently emphasized. The *Apex* selection seems pretty representative, giving Crumb, the best craftsman of them all, the largest share, but omitting, no doubt for copyright reasons, the wholly appalling S. Clay Wilson. Crumb can be repellent enough; but at least we know he doesn't want us to take him seriously. His art frequently contains built-in self-criticism which may be taken to extend to the underground comics phenomenon as a whole. Crumb's purpose is, generally and metaphorically, to fuck the American bourgeoisie; he ends up, in a story reproduced in the *Apex Treasury* titled "UCKE$$ Story," specifically and literally ass-fucking the Chinese revolutionary peasant. Which is one answer to the big question Estren debates so strenuously and to such little effect, whether the underground comics, for all their sexism, sadism and cynicism, are to be welcomed as a healthy airing of the spirit of social and political revolt in the '60s.

The underground comics are, I believe, more to be welcomed than condemned (one can do both at once). Feminist outrage against them is possibly misdirected; a better target would be the overground comic such as the deadly serious and totally corrupt *Young Romance* series, available to your daughter at her local drug store and supermarket. A methodological lesson in the proper treatment of such lamentable stuff may be found in the first rigorous sociopolitical analysis of the comic, *How to Read Donald Duck, the Ideology of Imperialism in the Disney Comic*, by the Chileans Dorfman and Mattelart, famous in Latin America and available at last in English (from International General, P.O.B. 350, New York, NY 10013).

Once Disney falls . . .

David Kunzle

David Kunzle is the author of *The History of the Comic Strip* (University of California Press).

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Matters of Life

The Message in the Bottle by Walker Percy

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95)

I've been living and struggling with this book for six weeks (so what? Percy has been struggling to get it said for 20 years) and am here to present a progress report. Without question it demonstrates that for seriousness and keenness of mind, Walker Percy has few rivals in American letters. Since the early '60s we've been accumulating evidence that such is the case, the evidence being Percy's three novels—*The Moviegoer*, the first, which won the National Book Award; *The Last Gentleman;* and *Love in the Ruins*—extraordinary comedies that diagnosed our woeful state. We might also have been aware of these essays—all except one have been published before—but since they've appeared in widely scattered literary magazines and a good half of them were published in such journals as *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research, Journal of Philosophy,* and *Psychiatry: A Journal for the Study of Interpersonal Process,* the Common Reader, you and I, might be forgiven for having missed them. We have no business missing them now.

I emphasize my struggle and a certain tentativeness of judgment because, although I'm certain of the book's richness, its intellectual power, its coherence, all of the essays are not of equal accessibility, as Percy himself recognizes in his introductory remarks. In fact the first half of the book is the part most readers will learn most from: the essays in the second half, published in specialized journals like those mentioned above, are pretty tough. Despite his disclaimers, his profession of modesty, Percy is not the amateur he says he is (if he's an amateur, where does that leave the rest of us?), and he enters the battleground of linguists, semanticists and behaviorists in full battle dress. He knows the adversaries' language and observes their rules of war. But aside from the thorniness of the language, the proliferation of diagrams and arrows (equally dear to the hearts of Percy and his adversaries), these essays in the latter half of the book are an *expansion* of those in the first half: they detail the reasoning that makes possible the assertions put forward in the more literary essays.

The book's subtitle teasingly suggests what the issues are: "How Queer Man Is, How Queer Language Is, and What One Has to Do with the Other." The comic tone here is altogether characteristic and momentarily disguises the fact that Percy is dealing with life and death matters, with final things, as he makes "an attempt to sketch the beginnings of a theory of man for a new age," in a prose recognizable to the readers of the novels—wry, humorous, ironic, diffident, his meaning made ever clearer with perfectly apt, homely metaphor. His theory of man for a new age grows out of an intellectual tradition which seems not to have much affected our scientific-humanist consciousness: Percy's teachers are Aquinas and Kierkegaard, Heidegger and Marcel, Cassirer and Peirce—and with their help he mounts a frontal assault on how we fail to handle the predicament of our being human, on the ways in which we misconceive ourselves and our great, mysterious, unique gift, language.

Percy sees us as having arrived at a new consciousness and having no theory to deal with it, so we turn for comfort to a patchwork quilt of the past—an attenuated Darwinism, which reduces man to mere organism, a stimulus-response toy, grotesquely combined with an empty and secularized Judaeo-Christian ethic. We live in and with a hopeless incoherence. Percy calls repeatedly in these essays for a radical science of being, which will recognize the uniqueness of the human creature, that symbol-mongerer, who alone in creation names the world in his speech and discovers what it is. His invocation is made from a posture that seems to me altogether singular in American letters: he is by training a scientist (with an M.D. degree), an admitted hard-headed empiricist, quite obviously learned in psychiatry, linguistics and philosophy and he is a Christian. An artist with such inclusive credentials writes essays about coherence with an authority few in our culture can command.

The first essay in the volume, "The Delta Factor," is a dazzling, seriously playful account of his discovery of the nature of language through reading an account of Helen Keller's momentous discovery of naming and meaning. It begins with a rubric that tells all, both in manner and matter:

> *In the beginning was Alpha and the end is Omega, but somewhere between occurred Delta, which was nothing less than the arrival of man himself and his breakthrough into the daylight of language and consciousness and knowing, of happiness and sadness, of being with and being alone, of being right and being wrong, of being himself and being not himself, and of being at home and being a stranger.*

This is followed by six pages of questions from this courtly Southern existential Socrates that opens with, "Why does man feel so sad in the twentieth century?", a query beautifully poised between gravity and comedy like those to follow. All of the questions raised will be answered in some fashion in the rest of the essays: "Why do people often feel bad in good environments and good in bad environments?"; "Why is it that the only time I ever saw my uncle happy during his entire life was the afternoon of December 7, 1941, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor?"; "Why was it that Jean-Paul Sartre, sitting in a French café and writing *Nausea* . . . why was he the happiest man in France at the time?"; "Why is it all but impossible to read Shakespeare in school now but will not be fifty years from now when the Western world has fallen into ruins and a survivor sitting among the vines of the Forty-second Street library spies a moldering book and opens it to *The Tempest*?"

Such questions! This last is answered in "The Loss of the Creature," which has an irresistible first sentence: "Every explorer names his island Formosa, beautiful." The essay explores the sad loss of sovereignty of 20th-century man, the way we have waived our right of seeing and knowing under the pressure of our own misconceptions about science. The layman defers to the specialist to certify his experience; the student can't fight his way past the packaging to the play. Being is something to be struggled for and the most calamitous fact is that most of us are unaware there is a war on. Percy's most touching and penetrating metaphor emerges here, when he describes the man who *comes to himself* as declaring (does he sing it?), "I am a sovereign wayfarer, a wanderer in the neighborhood of being who stumbles into the garden."

In the brilliant "Metaphor as Mistake," Percy asserts that "metaphor is the true maker of language," not the poet's plaything or the logician's night-

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mare; unlike angels, who know abstractly without mediation, and dogs, who "know" only in responding to stimuli, men know as men, "who must know one thing through the mirror of another." The "monstrous bifurcation" of ourselves into angel or beast, angel/beast, our refusal of our true state, that of the castaway, the "sovereign wayfarer" is the burden of this essay and all the essays and it is the dreadful malaise at the center of Percy's novels. Two of the pieces in this collection deal specifically with fiction: "The Man on the Train," which denies a literature of alienation ("the only literature of alienation is bad art, i.e. no art at all"), since the encounter with art—as maker or reader—is the reversal of alienation; and "Notes for a Novel about the End of the World" (published in 1968, three years before the publication of *Love in the Ruins*). Percy speaks in familiar terms here, echoing at times Flannery O'Connor's *Mystery and Manners*, explicitly aligning himself with those novelists of ultimate concern that he and we variously call "philosophical," "metaphysical," or "religious." He describes the *profound disquiet* of the novelist, "one of the few remaining witness to the doctrine of original sin, the imminence of catastrophe in paradise."

The title essay of the volume is a long, subtle, complex parable and argument about knowledge (the assertions of all the sciences and the arts) and news (what a man in a predicament needs to help him out of his predicament), one of the most persuasive arguments for an alternative to the "objective" assertions about reality that I've encountered. Percy jars the simplistic categories and the false connections we build our ramshackle lives on, and he does this nowhere more convincingly than in "The Mystery of Language." He isolates language as a reality utterly different from space-time events and he shows how coming to an understanding of language, "one also finds himself face to face with the nature of man." The ordinary secular concept of man as the highest of the organisms is simply not true: the language-act is evidence of the unbridgeable gap between man in his world and beasts in their environment, who must, in Auden's words, "leave language to their lonely betters."

These essays—and those gritty, uncompromising forays into alien territory which follow them—have a way of quickening the spirit and cleansing the sight. Perhaps Walker Percy has been the happiest man in America—and we can share that happiness.

James Boatwright

James Boatwright is editor of *Shenandoah*.

The Back of the Book

Introduction to the Reader

My father and I were seated next to each other in identical red chairs, watching the seven o'clock news, when George Wallace came on. This was in 1968, before Wallace became a man-to-be-reckoned-with in the Democratic party. In those days he was simply a fear-monger with sweet talk. When he addressed the nation, as he did for a full three minutes that night, you knew that you were getting pure hate and death, unsullied by platform politics. My father, not taking his eyes from the screen, thought for a while, and said, "Good. A few years ago that man would not have been allowed out of his state. Now, thanks to you liberals, he's a television star."

When my father said things like that he sounded exactly like Edward G. Robinson. Until his last years he looked and carried himself like Edward G. Robinson as well—not Little Ricco, but a cross between Dr. Clitterhouse and the criminology professor of *Woman in the Window*. He was small and stately. For most of the year he wore three-piece suits with triangular handkerchiefs and black oxfords from Brooks Brothers with no tooling on the leather. He wore grey felt hats, from Cavanagh's until they went out of business, and complained that he didn't know where he would get hats as good in the future. For a few summers he sported a straw "skimmer," but eventually gave it up as impractical. My father believed in hats as signs of civilization.

The sight of him sitting at the television set was at first preposterous, then commonplace. He had never wanted a set in our house, and resentfully accepted our hulking Motorola from a grateful patient when I was 13. He started out not watching at all, strictly limiting the viewing hours of my brother and me. Later he would emerge from his reading or writing to watch the late night talk shows: Jerry Lester, Steve Allen and Jack Paar. Sometimes we would watch the Knicks together, "Playhouse 90," "Studio One" and "The Show of Shows." By the time I was 17 and he, 50, he had narrowed his viewing to "Perry Mason," which remained his favorite long after it, too, went out of business.

On Saturday nights, while my father watched "Perry Mason," I ordinarily was at the bathroom mirror making an exquisite study of my face. The fact that the part in my hair, which took 15 minutes to find, might have been mislocated after all, troubled me. I wondered if my eyes were indeed blue, as I always believed, or did I not detect the finest sliver of green radiating from the pupils? I had no worry about the proportions of my face; the distances from the hairline to the top of the nose, from the top of the nose to the upper lip and from the upper lip to the bottom of the chin, were equal. Yet there was an undoubted bend in the nose. In a smile my lips appeared asymmetrical.

I was perversely happy to see my father enjoy "Perry Mason" because it established my critical faculties as superior to his. The gargantuan figures of Mason, his assistant Paul Drake, Lt. Tragg, Della Street, Mason's secretary and the district attorney, Hamilton Berger (a name from heaven) were ridiculous to me. The format, trivial. The fact that Mason could guess and intuit things for which we had no evidence, that he could point to the murderer like a compass needle at the last minute every week, that apparent guilt was always innocence and apparent innocence, always guilt—these things, I told my father, proved the show boring and inaccurate. My father ignored my analyses the way in later years he ignored my children's television-inspired harassments against his smoking.

No one was more immovable than my father when he concentrated. One

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evening he yelled at my mother because she had said of course to cousins of his from Buffalo who had phoned to ask if they could drop over. Except for his parents, my father did not admit the existence of his relatives. Moreover nobody ever dropped over on my father. He vowed not to speak a word the entire evening, a vow he kept by sitting on a bench in the living room and whistling show tunes to himself in low and ghostly tones. My father's cousin, his wife and two daughters sat like dolls on the couch, staring forward. My mother fluttered in an occasional question between the vast silences. My mind straddled embarrassment and hilarity. My father whistled "Embraceable You."

The world of my father extended from 9th Street and Second Avenue where he was born, on November 29, 1907, to our home in Gramercy Park between 20th and 21st Streets, to Doctor's Hospital, on 81st Street and East End Avenue, where he was president of the Medical Board, to his office on 85th Street and Fifth Avenue. He taught at New York Medical College; did clinical work at Metropolitan Hospital and before that at City Hospital. I believe that he did his residency at Montifiore Hospital in the Bronx. Except for summers he never lived outside New York City. Except for Bruce Catton, Gibbon and *The New York Times*, which he despised, he read nothing unconnected with medicine. The few social events he attended were professional meetings or events. The few guests he and my mother entertained were doctors.

With all this he never liked the practice of medicine very much. He had a bent for research and wrote a good deal, including two books, on diseases of the chest. He preferred doing pieces that involved the history of medicine because they allowed more rhetorical flourishes. He would have preferred to become a journalist. As a kid he had been a copy boy on *The New York Herald Tribune* (at night; in the daytime he sold hot dogs in the polo grounds), but knew that there would be no money or safety in writing. Either he knew or his parents told him.

My father's father had been a professor of romance languages in Heidelberg and continued as a teacher at Columbia when he came from Germany in the 1890s. Grandpa had an unusual mind. Because he was suited only for contemplation, he decided to become a businessman, first founding a school for secretaries and when that failed, turning the rooms he held into meeting places for various and curious clubs. My first summer job was working for grandpa, where nothing ever happened. I killed time by writing poems, doing the *Times* crossword puzzle and shooting chalk out the fifth-story window. My grandfather would spend the day going from borough to borough to interview candidates for janitorial positions, and would phone me at two or three hour intervals. "Hello, Rog. Anything new?" "No, Grandpa. Nothing new." Then he would hang up without saying goodbye; too busy.

My father said little when his father died. He attended to everything, as he always did, including the 16 years back taxes that grandpa had neglected to pay. Then he seemed merely to let his father pass into inconsequential history, just as he had let pass his childhood, poverty, the old neighborhood, Judaism and most things. For God-knows-what reason I used to loiter in his old neighborhood and insisted on a bar mitzvah in the oldest orthodox synagogue in New York. I laid tefillin, tying the little black boxes to my arm and heart with straps that traversed my body like black snakes. But formal religion was insincere on my part. My father knew it was insincere and let it pass as well.

He made no sudden moves, my father; his intimacies, because infrequent, were surprising. There was the time he and I were lolling on one side of a swimming pool watching my mother read story after story to my four-year-old brother on the opposite side of the pool. "She has remarkable patience," my father said with sudden tenderness and admiration. There was the time we were riding in his car together a few months after his first heart attack, when he confided to me that he was afraid of physical pain.

But most of his thoughts were not shared with anybody. He was in no way taciturn and often talked a blue streak, particularly on his pet hates of Mayor Lindsay, Ramsey Clark, Mark Antonio and medicare; yet I rarely believed that he was thinking seriously about these things as he talked. At the same time I never knew anyone more precise with details. When my wife and I were planning to visit one of the summer homes he rented on Long Island, my father called three or four times with explicit driving directions. He mailed us a map. Even so when we drove down from Cambridge at dusk he was standing in the driveway with a flashlight to make sure that we had the right house.

Here are some aphorisms and habitual phrases associated with my father:

1) Never go out with anyone from the Bronx. (This became Brooklyn if I was considering taking out a Brooklyn girl, and, in that variant, was originally and most heatedly applied to my father's brother's wife.)

2) If you lie down with dogs, you get up with fleas. (Used usually as a forewarning concerning other kids, but occasionally as a maxim after the fact.)

3) The person who knows what he wants is way ahead of all others.

4) Never trust a Hungarian. (A reference to the Gabor sisters.)

5) I will, in a pig's eye. (Or, "you will, in a pig's eye." Said with more finality than nightfall.)

6) Now you're cooking with gas. (An exhortation used not to indicate that I had actually achieved something, but that I had rounded the bend, was at long last headed in the right direction.)

7) Nothing good ever came out of New Jersey. (Different from #1 by degree; there were no exceptions.)

Were it not for one boy, who almost never came to school, I would have ranked dead last in each of my high school classes. My father concealed his rage in disgust, or sometimes vice versa. Because of indolence, a word I learned from my report cards, television periodically was forbidden me. Pretending to study, I spent most nights playing silent basketball in my room or kneeling on the windowseat, staring at the lights in other buildings. On Sundays I walked the city. Sundays were terrible for television, anyway. I could not bear the politeness of Alistair Cooke and his "Omnibus": the Rodeo ballets, dramatic readings in tuxedos and other chitchat of the dead.

On Sundays when I was very young my father would take me up to the hospital with him in his Lincoln Zephyr. I would sit idly in the hospital waiting room, furnished by Sloane's, for over an hour (although in the joke between us, my father always promised 20 minutes at the outs). Afterwards we would go to a drugstore uptown and have sandwiches at the counter. Once on the way home we stopped at Grand Central Station—it must have been 1944—to watch the troop trains. I confuse that day with the movie *Grand Central Station*, its swirling crowds and missed appointments.

Sometimes on those early Sundays we all would go to movies in the afternoon. *The Maltese Falcon* (re-released). *The Asphalt Jungle*. My father liked mysteries, but loved musicals and musical

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comedy. These later became the bases of his singing and dancing spasms which could be triggered by anything by Cole Porter. One year he got hold of a Lester Lanin record of Cole Porter favorites which he foisted on the phonograph nearly every night. To "Night and Day" or "Silk Stockings" or "You're the Top" my father would dance like a center pivoting, occasionally do an arm-flap at some private signal, and, since he knew no lyrics beyond the first three words of any song, sang da da da to everything.

Family reaction to the singing and dancing spasms poised between delight (shown by expressions of dismay) and impatience, the latter increasing as my father would insist on completing every number. What was funny for 10 or 15 seconds became outrageously tedious at the end of four minutes, but no amount of disapproval would stop him. Puffing and wheezing my father would finish his last da, bow and turn off the machine to an assault of booing and razzberries.

The Gramercy Park Association plants tulips in hedge squares every April. The old park trees, in their deliberate variety, bloom like huge broccoli. The birdhouses are repainted. The aged scions of the neighborhood take walks again and comment loudly on the pleasantness of the air. Here my parents settled 35 years ago. My father had his first office here, and his first patient, an Indian with a stomachache who happened to notice my father's shingle.

Neighborhood merchants treated my father reverently. His manner with them, a mixture of the officious and confidential, seemed to encourage a military attitude toward him. They mentioned him to me as if he were of another age, as if we all were discussing the master of the house. My father's sense of privacy was the key; deeply uninterested in most of the life about him, he walked and spoke as if he had been authorized to run that life. He berated traffic cops with such ferocity that they apologized to him for tie-ups.

Seeking total privacy in the summers, my father rented Southampton "cottages" for family vacations. These cottages, on three or four acres, had 20 bedrooms, 40 rooms in all, and backed on the Atlantic. The cost of the rentals was astounding, but worth it to him; both the quiet and absurdity were worth it. He spent the days sitting on vast lawns, reading and dozing, or arranging a project such as getting the car washed. In the past few years my children provided the whoops and giggles which my brother and I had supplied in earlier summers. From a distance we looked like the Roosevelts at play: the stately fun of great, rich families.

My father never was rich, yet never conveyed the impression of being anything else. I once overheard him complain to my mother that he had been forced to sell a movie camera given him in order to pay the cleaning lady. His extravagances were masterfully well-timed. Hired chauffeurs drove my parents to us on visits to Massachusetts and Washington. Occasionally hired chauffeurs were also used to transport my father's luggage. Yet these were not extravagances in the gaudy sense. My father knew the exact limits of his energy, as if by land survey, and knew that a livelihood depended on his energy. He saw to it that this was so.

He was a genius at the art of leverage. As I grew to be a bigger and stronger kid, I kept wanting to test my physical strength against his. His one expressed concern was how long he could afford to be hospitalized if I hit him with my full weight; so when I lunged at him, he simply grabbed my fingers and bent them back. He got so good at this eventually that he didn't have to stir from his chair to bring me to my knees.

My son takes great pleasure in this story. He likes the image of me brought to my knees and the image of my father triumphant. My father could not stop doing things for my son and daughter. Last year he arranged a trade of baseball cards between my son and the son of one of his colleagues. For my daughter he bought a gold bracelet when she was three, a nightgown from Dior when she was five. He talked to them both for long periods. When we visited New York, he fixed toast for them.

I have a photograph of my father as a new father holding me, two weeks old, on a level with his eyes. His face is serious and scientific, the stare of a man trying to read the watermark in a stamp. They named me Roger, but my father never sounded comfortable with that name, and, like his father, called me Rog. Although I never would have addressed him by it, his name, Milton, made me uncomfortable as well. These were not the names of people, but of eras.

I have a photograph of my mother and father on their honeymoon in December 1932. They are standing on the Atlantic City boardwalk, my mother smiling, dressed in a slim sable coat and a close fitting cloth hat, arm in arm with my father, not smiling, in a dark overcoat, gloves and a derby. I have a later photograph of my father in whites, holding a tennis racket, again not smiling. I have one with him smiling: on a fishing trip off Stonybrook, Long Island, with his doctor cronies, in 1948. The last photo of him I have has him standing in his dining room between the television set and my daughter's toy rabbit. The rabbit has on a green tam-o'-shanter, and my father is not smiling.

That photograph was taken this past Christmas, one month before he died. I see in it now the deep creases of his face, sunken and pulled down, no longer the face of Edward G. Robinson. I see in it, too, or read into it, the toll of his fear. He himself pointed out to me the diseases of the aged one can spot in Rembrandt's paintings. Shortly after New Year's he was hospitalized for congestive heart failure, the third attack in eight years. We talked long distance in the evenings once he was out of the intensive care unit, about the advisability of his retirement and a book he might do on the history of medicine.

The fourth heart attack, which killed him, happened a few days after he had been released from the hospital and was on his way to his cardiologist. His heart stopped as he entered the hired car. My mother and the chauffeur brought him to the nearest hospital where he lived, technically, for another 50 hours. His tie, suit and all his clothes were cut from his body. Tubes arced from his arms and mouth. Only his eyes moved, from corner to corner.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

More on the Fed

To the editors:

While Mr. Coyne's account of the Federal Reserve Board—Consumers Union affair (Correspondence, July 5 & 12) is highly selective and most significant for what it omits, the facts he does include—with one exception—are wholly consistent with those set forth in my article (June 7), as any reader can easily confirm. The one exception is his assertion that "this information will be

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of little value to consumers," because it is reported by only a portion of all banks. Mr. Coyne's boss, Dr. Burns, seemed to be of a rather different view, testifying before a congressional subcommittee on March 6 that the comparative interest rate information "is potentially very useful to consumers" and that "publication of this information might enhance competition in some areas." Another governor of the Fed, Jeffrey M. Bucher, also testified that publication of the information would have a "very positive" effect on stimulating competition between banks. While I certainly agree with Mr. Coyne that legislation to require posting of these rates by all banks is a preferable solution, it is only fair to point out that the Fed only "suggested this approach" after being hauled before the Rosenthal subcommittee to explain its actions in the Consumers Union case.

Finally my article clearly identified me as an attorney and director of Consumers Union's Washington office, an association that makes me no more "zealous" than Mr. Coyne's association with the Fed makes him.

Peter H. Schuck
Director
Washington Office, Consumers Union

Aggravated Rape

To the editors:

I am glad to see that Morton Halperin differs sharply ("Long on Rhetoric," *TNR*, June 21) with those who subscribe to the "living-with-OPEC" policy. (Indeed, the consequences of this craven policy are even more serious than he suggests.)

"The main weakness of the opponents of the 'living-with-OPEC' policy," he writes, "is that they lack a carefully articulated alternative. . . . No one has come forward with a concrete set of proposals for confronting OPEC and forcing down the price of oil." I proposed just such a set of measures shortly after OPEC quadrupled oil prices ("Counter-strategy on Oil," *TNR*, Jan. 26, 1974). The measures included:

1) The imposition of strict import quotas and licensing on oil imports from OPEC sources
2) The imposition of quota and license restrictions on commercial exports to OPEC countries, and subjecting these to severe export taxes as well
3) A complete ban on shipments of military equipment and supplies to OPEC countries
4) The imposition of heavy taxes on OPEC funds deposited in our banks, so that they would in effect be paying rather than earning interest on such deposits
5) The imposition of even heavier taxes (100 to 200 percent) on OPEC investments here
6) Clear notice to the Soviet Union that the commercial benefits of détente (credits, technology) were dependent on appropriate modification of her trouble-making role in the Middle East.

While in January 1974 I hoped that such a program would be adopted by all the major oil importing nations acting in concert, it is now plain that, at least initially, we would have to act alone, *which we can do.* And I would now add to this list unequivocal support of Israel's needs for military supplies and economic assistance.

Halperin is probably right in attributing Kissinger's objective in avoiding confrontation with Iran and Saudi Arabia to a desire to limit or reduce Soviet influence in the Middle East. But he fails to note that this tactic can serve only to promote Soviet influence in that area, since it is the Soviet shield that these countries obviously rely on to prevent retaliatory action by the countries victimized by OPEC exploitation. So, instead of standing up to OPEC, we supinely continue to pay the cartel a huge and debilitating annual tribute. And when OPEC probes to explore whether it can get away with another price hike next September, we feebly respond that any increase in excess of seven or eight percent would be excessive! In other words, we invite them to aggravate the rape. It seems inconceivable to me that this sort of thing can go on much longer. The longer we delay using rational economic countermeasures, the greater the likelihood of explosive reaction later on.

Louis J. Walinsky
Cohasset, Massachusetts

"Preacher" Fred Harris

To the editors:

I co-chair Fred Harris campaign in Milwaukee and I drove Harris and Paul Wieck from place to place on a recent trip to Wisconsin. Since at that time Mr. Wieck was waxing eloquent about Morris Udall, I suppose I should not have expected fair reporting, but what you published astonished me (*TNR*, June 21) nevertheless.

Nowhere in the article is there a description of the even-tempered, gentle and open man I know as Fred Harris. Mr. Wieck implies that Fred Harris is a man of action without thought, a purveyor of glib catch-phrases and dangerous emotion. In fact, the Fred Harris I have come to know over the past year is a very intelligent man whose forte is his ability to explain a difficult subject like economic theory in the language of the people listening to him, rather than the jargon of the elite.

For Mr. Wieck to say that a presidential candidate is "hungry for power" is at the same time obviously true, and woefully misleading. What he does not say is that Fred Harris treats every person he meets with consideration, and never assumes that being a presidential candidate entitles him to special privileges.

On a technical journalistic level, I object to Mr. Wieck's extensive reliance on unnamed sources and unattributed quotes in all of his attacks on Fred Harris.

Mr. Wieck's article is a useful political document, but it fails dismally to convey the charm and humanity of the most approachable and most charismatic candidate in the presidential race.

Dennis R. Hafemann
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

To the editors:

With reference to the piece on "Preacher Fred Harris" by Paul Wieck: what about "Big Labor"? Mr. Harris has made a career of attacking "bigness," both in government and business. He has also made a career of ducking questions aimed at finding out how he would deal with the excessive power of union officials—assuming he feels that we need to cope with Big Labor as well as Big Government and Big Business.

I see no evidence from this article that Fred Harris offers any more solutions to real problems than the so-called "right-wing populists." (Whatever that is. Something akin, I suppose, to a left-wing conservative.)

Hugh C. Newton
Alexandria, Virginia

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To the editors:

I don't mind you criticizing Fred Harris for his oversimplified message, but why not include a few other well intentioned American politicians, such as Thomas Jefferson for "All men are created equal," Abraham Lincoln for his "A government of the people, by the people and for the people," or Franklin D. Roosevelt for "One-third of the nation is ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed."

Gary Wasserman
Issue Coordinator for
the Harris Campaign

On McCarthyisms

To the editors:

Your page on "McCarthyisms" (*TNR*, June 21) verified once more the most astute and lucid mind in contemporary politics.

McCarthy is not, as some suggest, a visionary ahead of his time. Rather he is one of the few political leaders in touch with our time. Others, caught in the quagmire of our two-party system, are simply behind the times.

After the conventions of 1976, when we are confronted with Ford *vs.* Wallace or Ford *vs.* Jackson, Eugene McCarthy will look very good. I, for one, look forward to that time . . .

Roger A. Cowan
Knoxville, Tennessee

To the editors:

You have Eugene McCarthy misquoting Mark Twain. According to him, M.T. wrote that "no one has a right to use the indefinite 'we' except the King of England, the Pope, and a man with a tapeworm." What Mark Twain said was that "no one has the right to call himself 'we' except editors, royalty and men with tapeworms in their stomachs." I rely on my memory, which I'll match with McCarthy's. If he can cite the exact reference in M.T.'s writings, then he wins.

Sidney Koretz
Falls Church, Virginia

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

Willy when he is at his most salesman-like, the Requiem over his coffin, and much of the material on Miller's favorite theme, the love-hate of father and son. But these are moments of light in a flabby, occasionally false work. Miller had gift enough to get the idea, but then settled for the dynamics of the idea itself, supported by a vague high-mindedness, to write his play for him. As the world knows, many viewers and readers have taken the intent for the deed. Some have not. And for one viewer this new production only emphasizes the gap between intent and accomplishment.

Emphasize it grossly. Except for Willy, the cast of this Circle production is at best inoffensive, something that can be said only of a few of the women in smaller roles. Most of the leading actors are varyingly deplorable. Teresa Wright (Linda) is a dry stick. James Farentino (Biff) is a gallery of Actors Studio attitudinizings. Harvey Keitel (Happy) is weak and keeps gesturing simultaneously with both arms like a puppet on a string. The neighbors Bernard and Charley are played by black actors (I saw an understudy as Charley) who are utterly inept. "Color-blind" casting is theoretically admirable; but when black actors in white parts are as bad as these two, they only make you wonder doubly why the director used them. You wonder too why the director inserted a second intermission, harming the flow of the play, and why he had the two scenes of the Woman in Boston played by two different actresses. It makes Willy a womanizer, instead of a family man with a "family" away from home.

That director was George C. Scott. If it had been someone else, Scott's own performance as Willy might have been memorable. Now it is patently contrived. He uses two principal modes. He smiles a lot during the "depressed" passages. (This playing against the lines is something he also did in Astrov's opening scene in *Uncle Vanya*.) And he erupts. The Smile soon becomes an obvious set-up for the Fury. As for the Fury, Willy's outbursts are surely those of angry frustration, affecting in their impotence. But Scott, a powerful actor, gets so strong that the Fury connotes a man too imperious to have lived Willy's life. Another director might have seen this and might have helped Scott to a characterization out of which self-kidding and explosion grew organically. Inevitably an actor of his ability must have some moments that burst through even a technical conception, but in general Scott plays Willy like a crafty boxer, smiling along softly until he sees a chance to sock.

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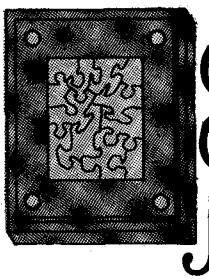

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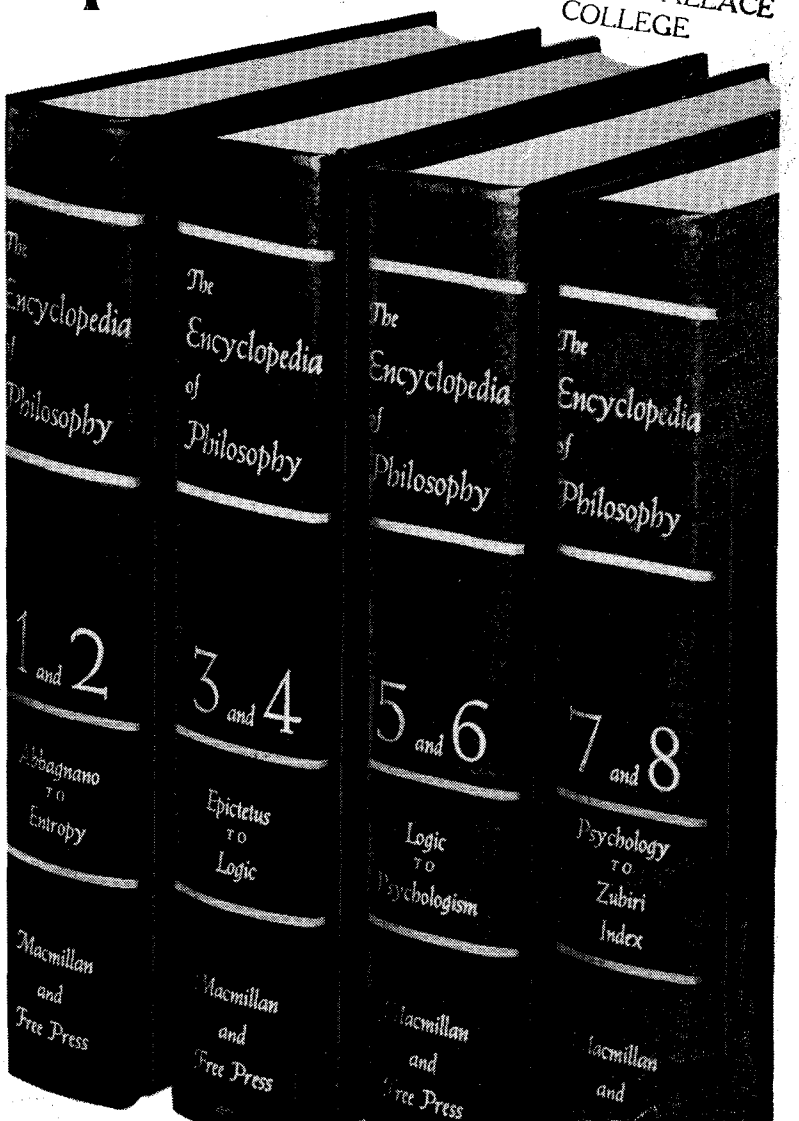

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